



No. 649.—VOL. L.

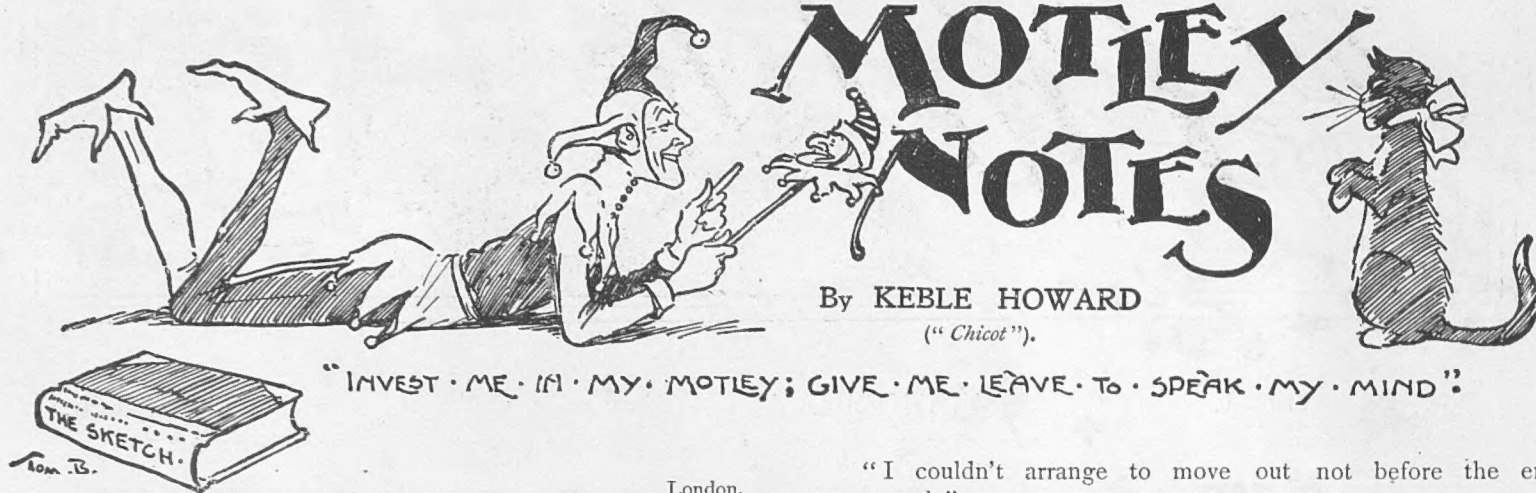
WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



TO BE MISTRESS OF 117,000 ACRES: MISS AUGUSTA BELLINGHAM, WHO IS TO MARRY THE MARQUESS OF BUTE TO-MORROW, THE 6TH. The photographs surrounding the future Marchioness of Bute are: 1 and 2, Castle Bellingham, County Louth, the residence of the bride's parents; 3, The altar in the Roman Catholic Church, Kilsaran, in which the marriage will be celebrated; 4, The Calvary, Castle Bellingham, erected in memory of Sir Henry Bellingham's first wife, the mother of the bride; 5, Kilsaran Village; 6, Castle Bellingham Village.

Portrait by Thomson; other Photographs by W. Erskine Mayne.



London.

IT is grey weather to-day, and the view from my window suggests a paragraph in the style of Mr. Bart Kennedy. You know the sort of thing, don't you? . . .

Rain. Rain on leaves. And a strange dead mist creeping seawards on the breast of the river. A strange dead mist. Creeping seawards. On the breast of the river.

Men hurrying. Women hurrying. Children hurrying. Everybody in a beastly strange hurry. Hurrying out of the rain. And the mist. Hurrying. Out of the dead mist. Little children. In a devil of a hurry.

I am alone in the strange mist. Almost. Alone save for the wet men. And the women. And the little children. I turn my eyes to the strange south and see nothing. Nothing. I repeat—nothing. A man alone who can see nothing.

More rain. More leaves. Shivering leaves, weeping for the souls of leaves that are dead. Dead. Like the mist. I said that. I said that the mist was dead. I am an impressionist, and that was why I said that the mist was dead. Dead mist. Splendid.

Still the men are hurrying. Hurrying out of the rain. They can go on hurrying. I have filled my column. Good.

"I am anxious," writes a correspondent, "to secure a furnished cottage in the country for the months of July and August. Would you very kindly tell me, since you seem to be particularly interested in country cottages, the best way to set about it?"

Well, dear friend, there are three ways, at least, of setting about it. If you have a motor-car or a bicycle, and plenty of spare time, I should advise you to go out into the country and search diligently for your cottage until you find it. You must not, however, expect to see "TO LET" notices stuck up in the front-garden. The real cottage-dweller is far too reticent to make a parade of his intentions. Again, for whatever reasons he may have decided to let his cottage, the desire to leave it during the flush of the summer will not be one. Every applicant, in a sense, is an enemy. You must approach him, therefore, with the utmost delicacy. Begin by getting into conversation with the landlord of the village hostelry. If there is a cottage to be let in that village, the landlord will know all about it. Question the landlord very closely as to the tastes and characteristics of the owner, and be especially careful to discover his pet weaknesses. Thus prepared, you may leave your motor-car or your bicycle at the inn, lift the latch of the front-gate with a gentle click, step reverently along the little pathway, and tap on the door, gingerly, with one knuckle.

Presently you will hear a sound of reluctant feet on flag-stones. Then, slowly and distrustfully, the door will open, and the following conversation will ensue—

"Oh, good-afternoon. I hear that you are thinking of letting your cottage for a little while."

"Who told you that, then?"

"I happened to be calling at the inn just now, and I asked the landlord whether he knew of any cottage to be let round here, and he was good enough to advise me to call here."

"I see. Well, you'd best step inside."

"Thanks. What a lovely old clock you have there!"

"Ah. I had a gentleman in here the other day as wanted to buy it. I soon showed him out, though."

"You don't mean to part with it, eh?"

"Part with it? That clock's been in our family for close on a hundred year."

"Indeed!"

"That's right. Sit yer down. Now, when would you want to come in?"

"Well, as soon as convenient."

"I couldn't arrange to move out not before the end of next week."

"That would do very nicely. By the way, how many rooms have you?"

"You'd best take a look round. This is the sitting-room. Mind the doorway or you may bump your 'ead, same as the gentleman did who come about the clock. Made me laugh, that did. This here's the kitchen."

"Very nice. Where do you get your water from?"

"There's a well just outside."

"Is it good water?"

"Good? Of course it's good. Anyway, I've been drinking it for the last five-and-twenty year and never found nothing wrong with it."

"Quite so; only it's always as well to inquire, I think."

"Mind your 'ead on these stairs. There! That's the best bedroom. Then there's another one 'ere, and, if you want a third, you've only got to put up a bed in this little room at the back. There wouldn't be no children, I suppose?"

"Oh, no."

"Because I couldn't let to anyone with children. I should never feel easy in me mind about the place."

"And what rent are you asking?"

"Two guineas a week."

"I see. Well, I should just like to think it over, and then I'll drop you a line about it."

"There's been one or two after it, so I should like to know as soon as possible."

"Very good. But don't refuse any definite offer in the meantime. Good-afternoon."

Repeat the performance in the next village, and the next, and the next, until you get exactly what you want.

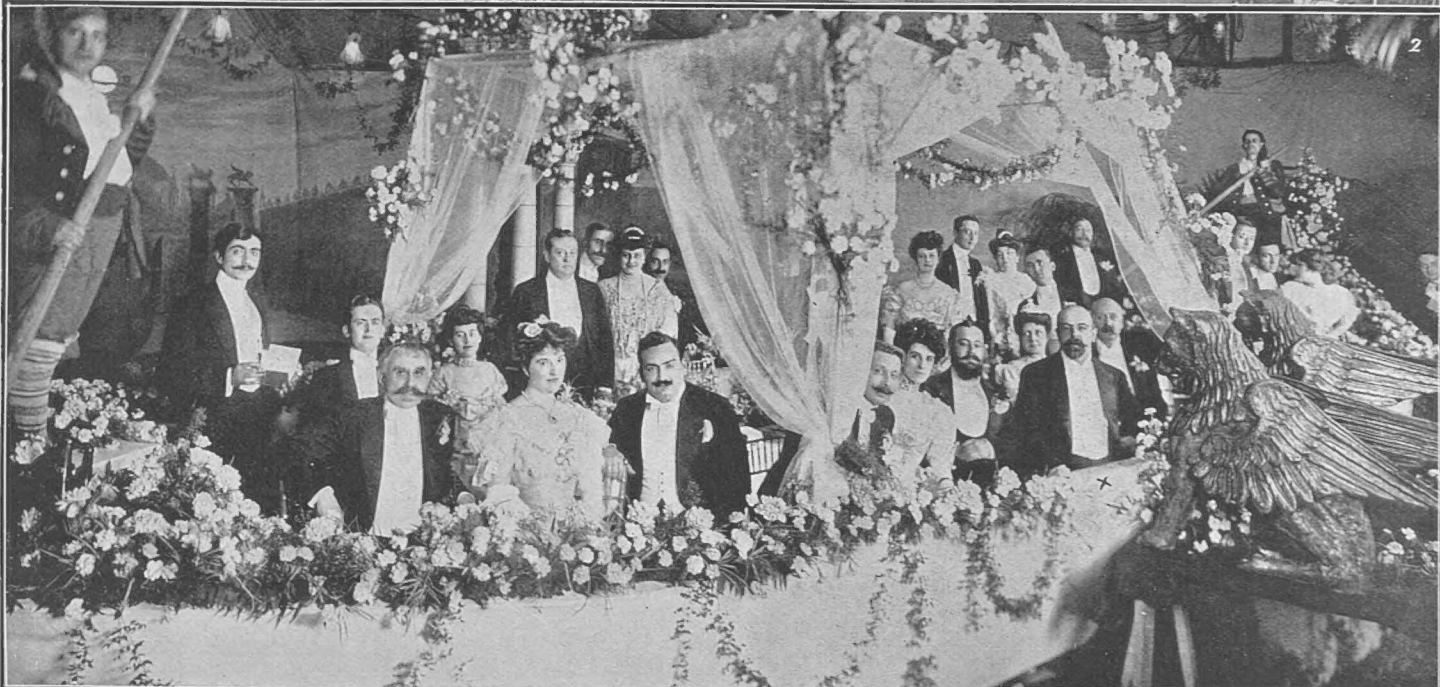
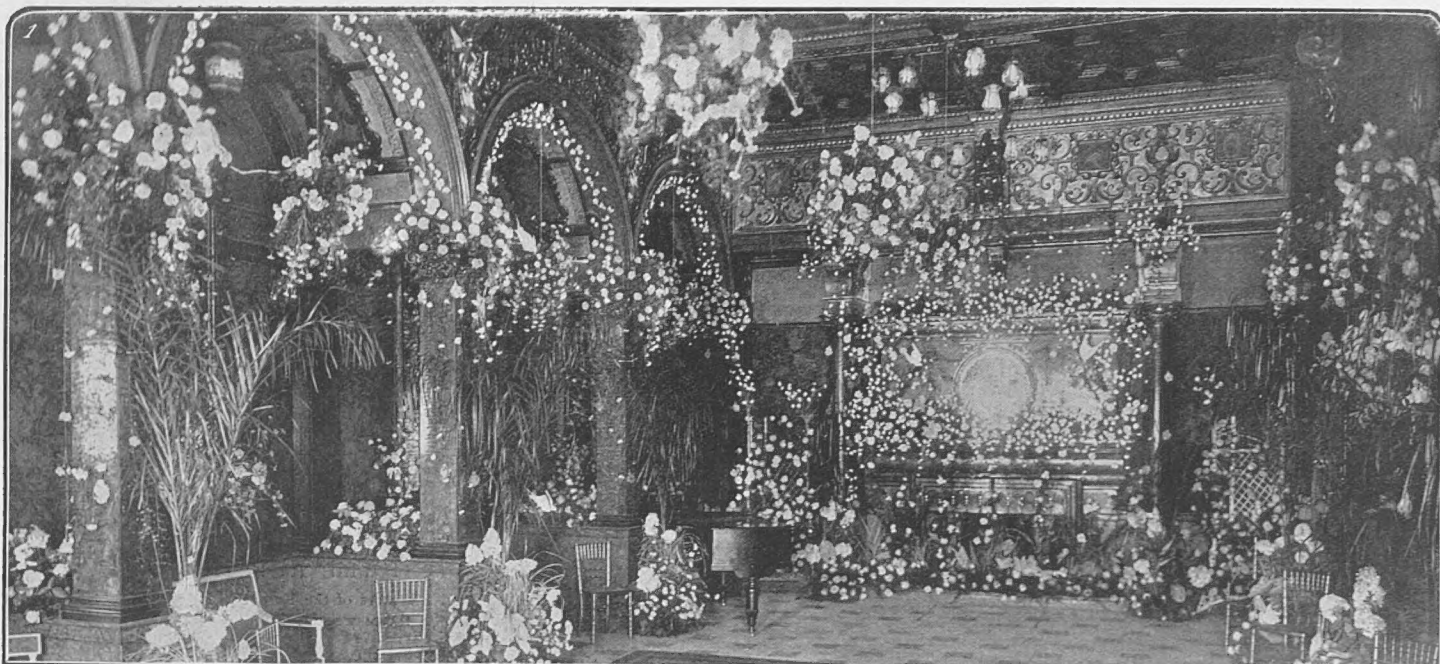
Another plan is to consult an agent, who will show you photographs of exquisitely beautiful cottages at four, five, and six guineas a week. And the third way is to study the advertisements in a daily paper. If you have a little imagination and a sense of humour, you will be well repaid for your trouble, even though you should fail to find a suitable cottage. For example, one advertiser this very morning offers "three entertaining rooms," whilst another includes in a long list of attractions "punt, luncheon-basket, piano, gas-cooker, hammock." A little bewildering, perhaps, but none the less irresistible for that.

A gentleman whose name is unfamiliar to me, but whose humorous instinct arouses my sincere admiration, writes as follows to a popular newspaper: "Sir, Apropos of your article on 'Worry,' I have found digging for an hour or two in stiff soil have a wonderfully salutary effect." And the charm of the observation lies in the fact that it is perfectly true. I know something about digging. In earlier life, I was a member of a Volunteer corps. For one week in each year I used to go into camp, and our Adjutant would vary the monotony of drills and sham-fights by setting us to dig field-kitchens and rifle-trenches. As far as I remember, we had to dig a thing called a "half-hour trench." From the name, I presume that experienced sappers would complete the job in half-an-hour, but my comrades and myself congratulated ourselves warmly if we managed to make any sort of a ditch in two hours. Shirking, I am sorry to say, was out of the question, for some officious person measured off the whole trench into equal portions, and each man was compelled, therefore, to rely upon his own unaided spade. Well, you never saw any men worry less than we did at the end of those two hours. A quart of shandygaff and six feet of cool turf constituted Elysium, and nothing short of a severe thunder-storm would have persuaded us to move a finger. Before suicide, therefore, try digging.

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THE SENSATIONAL £3,000 GONDOLA-BANQUET AT THE SAVOY:
VENICE IN THE STRAND.



1. THE FLOWER-DECKED ANTEROOM.

2. MR. KESSLER AND HIS GUESTS ON BOARD THE GONDOLA IN THE ARTIFICIAL LAKE
CONSTRUCTED IN THE OLD COURTYARD OF THE SAVOY.

3. THE GONDOLIER-WAITERS.

The banquet given by Mr. Kessler at the Savoy on Friday of last week now holds the record for beauty—and cost. In twenty-four hours the Old Courtyard of the Savoy was banked up and cemented, flooded, and, with the aid of specially painted scenery, turned into a Venetian waterway; a great white gondola was built to hold the diners, and lesser craft for the dishes; gondolier costumes were provided for the waiters; Venetian singers engaged; ice Lions of Venice carved; a menu arranged; an anteroom decked with flowers; and the Venetian Room turned into the semblance of the Doge's Palace. The birthday-cake was brought in by "Baby Jumbo," of the Royal Italian Circus, who carried the elaborate erection on his back. Mr. Kessler has been the host at a number of eccentric entertainments, including an Animal Dinner, and a Farmyard Dinner at which those present dined on horseback. His guests at the Savoy included Mme. Rejane, Mme. Jeanne Granier, Miss Edna May, Miss Sarah Brooke, Sir Thomas Dewar, and Signor Caruso, who received a fee of £450 for singing after the banquet. Mr. Kessler is marked with an X in the centre photograph.

Photographs by Fradelle and Young.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
(Last 4 Nights.) BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. (Last 4 Nights.)
Adapted by Sydney Grundy from "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," by Octave Mirbeau.
LAST MATINEE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) at 2.30.
Preceded every evening at 8.15 by THE BALLAD MONGER.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.—EVERY EVENING at 8.30 in THE WALLS OF JERICO, by Alfred Sutro. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

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EVERY EVENING at 8.30. (LAST WEEKS OF SEASON.)
MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE.
54TH PERFORMANCE TO-NIGHT.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

COMEDY. THE DICTATOR.
William Collier and American Company. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 3.

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CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

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London, June 1905.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JULY 8.

PROMINENT RECIPIENTS OF
BIRTHDAY HONOURS.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT SOUTHWARK.

THE MUTINY IN RUSSIA:

Odessa, the Centre of the Revolt.

THE "KNIAZ POTEMKIN."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CARDIFF.

HENLEY REGATTA.

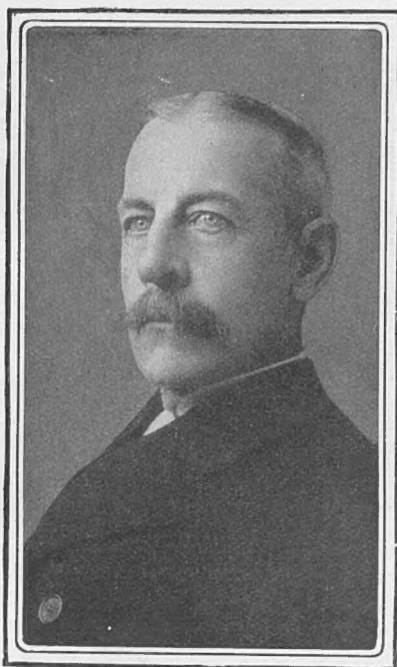
THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JULY 8.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



THE ORIGINATOR OF THE GREAT MOTOR RACE
THAT IS BEING RUN TO-DAY:
MR. GORDON BENNETT.

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE Newmarket July Meeting is always a favourite with His Majesty, who is said to have once declared that he found no air so invigorating as that of the famous Heath. While at what may be called the capital of the racing world, His Majesty gets rid of much of the tedious pomp of Royalty; his quarters at the Jockey Club Rooms, though comfortable, are by no means luxurious. His Majesty's own stables are at the Cambridge end of the Heath, and the King is a regular attendant at the morning gallops. It is

remarkable how many of the King's special friends also have quarters at Newmarket, notably Sir Ernest Cassel at Moulton Paddocks, where his pretty daughter, Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, does the honours; the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Cavendish House, in the High Street, in which the Duke of Westminster also has a little place; and Mr. Leopold Rothschild at Palace House, a name which throws the associations of Newmarket back to the reign of Edward I. There is general regret, and not only in racing circles, at the continued bad luck of His Majesty on the Turf—indeed, it is said that the King has never had so poor a lot of horses in training as he has now.

The Queen as Writer.

The rumour that the Queen has written an account of her recent cruise in the Mediterranean must be making many a publisher's mouth water, for, although it is announced that Her Majesty's journal, if printed and published at all, will be issued for the perusal of the Royal Family and their most intimate friends only, there is precedent enough to encourage a hope that the work will, later, gain wider fame by publication for the world at large. Were not Queen Victoria's diaries of her life in the Highlands first intended for private circulation only? Now, at least, is the time for some great courtier-writer of the day to revive the delicate Disraelian compliment—"We authors, Madam."

The Birth of a Daughter to the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk.

The birth of a daughter to the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk must have occasioned both joy and regret to the house of Howard, for it is everybody's secret that our Premier Duke and Earl and his young wife eagerly hoped that a son might be born to inherit those honours of which the Duke has proved so admirable a bearer. As it is, there is still no direct heir to the Duke's eight titles, and Lord Edmund Talbot remains heir-presumptive. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to recall the fact that the Duke of Norfolk, who is now in his fifty-ninth year, has been twice married. His first wife, who was Lady Flora Paulyna Hetty Barbara Abney-Hastings, daughter of the first Baron Donington and the late Countess of Loudoun, died in 1887, and their only child, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, three years ago. His second wife, to whom he was married early last year, was born in January 1877, and is heiress-presumptive to the Scottish barony of her father, Lord Herries.

Lord Portman's Garden-Party.

To-day (July 5) Lord Portman gives a garden-party at his house in Portman Square. Since the death, some six years ago, of his wife, who was a niece of the late Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Portman has been more than ever attached to Bryanston, the huge palace in Dorset built for him by Norman Shaw, and so this party of his is rather a new departure. In a week from to-day this splendid specimen of the fine old English gentleman celebrates his seventy-sixth birthday. He has hunted, first as Field Master and then as Master of the Portman Hunt, a bank and ditch country for nearly half a century, and he still rides as straight to hounds and shoots as well as few men of half his years can do. He carries not an ounce of superfluous flesh, and bids fair to beat the patriarchal age to which his father attained. He has a family of five sons and three daughters, most of whom are married.

The Motor-World King.

Mr. Gordon Bennett, to whose generosity motorists all over the world owe so much, is the richest of American bachelors. As all the world, or rather, as the worlds know, he is the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, and newspaper work is his only hobby apart from

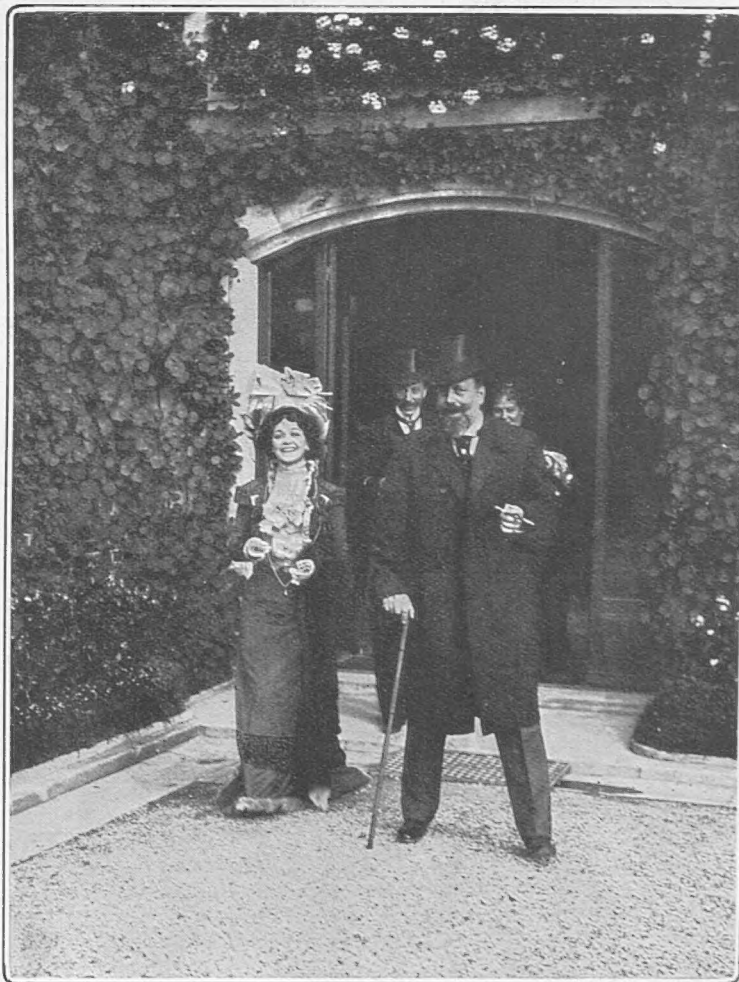
motoring. For many years past the donor of the Gordon-Bennett Cup has lived in France, and at one time he was far more interested in coaching than in horseless-carriage locomotion. He is a fine-looking man, typically American in his alert, clever outlook on life, and he can certainly claim to be the uncrowned King of the motoring world.

A Marriage of Medieval Style.

The marriage of Miss Augusta Bellingham and the Marquess of Bute, which takes place to-morrow (July 6), is to be celebrated on a scale of mingled magnificence and simplicity which will recall the picturesque days of the Middle Ages. It is to be at Kilsaran, a little place on the Irish coast near Castle Bellingham, and the church is so small that only relations will be present at the actual ceremony. Lord Bute, who is, of course, one of the greatest Scottish territorial chieftains, will arrive by sea, attended by an immense retinue of old family servants and retainers, together with a number of carriages for use at the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom will spend their honeymoon in Scotland, and their departure will be not the least picturesque scene, for they are to be escorted to Lord Bute's yacht by a flotilla of boats, rowed by retainers of the Bellingham family, whose bright scarlet caps will bear the Bellingham Arms.

A Stop-the-Speech Clock.

The Rev. Forbes E. Winslow would seem to have gone to almost unnecessary pains by inventing a stop-the-speech clock for the guidance of those orators who have too great a tendency to dwell overlong on the "thirdly," the "fourthly," and the "lastly." His patent is based on the ordinary clock, but the movable dial marks stated periods by means of colours. The speaker, having estimated his



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY SEEKS RELAXATION IN PARIS: THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS WITH Mlle. LINA CAVALIERI (FORMERLY OF THE VARIETY AND OPERATIC STAGES OF RUSSIA) AT THE GRAND PRIX.

hearers' powers of endurance, starts his timekeeper at a colour, fixes the "stop" colour in his mind, and, if his mind be sufficiently strong, stops when that colour makes its appearance. Why, however, so much mechanical aid? Has not the public orator excellent, natural—and coloured—warning in the faces of his audiences—blue when he is, apparently, on the verge of verbosity, black when that verbosity is apparent, purple when it continues?



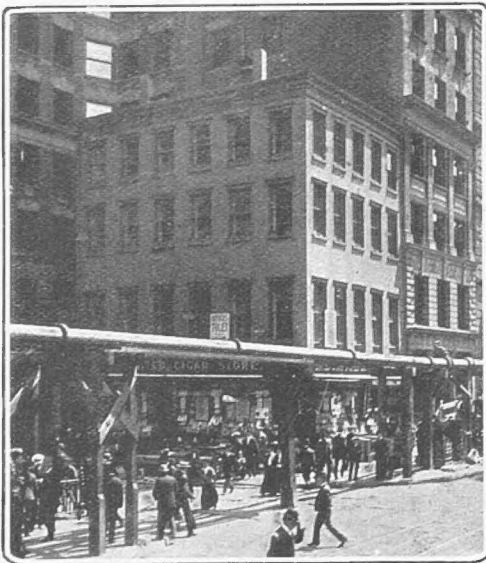
FROM "ISRAEL'S TEMPLE" TO FACTORY: JEZREEL'S TOWER, CHATHAM, WHICH HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY A COMMERCIAL SYNDICATE.

Jezreel's Tower has been a landmark at Chatham for nearly twenty years. It was intended to harbour the Jezreelites at the coming of the second Deluge in which they believe. Its originator, and the originator of the sect, claimed that he would never die, but he did so before the tower was finished.

although it has not yet been used for purposes of trade, both "Jezreel," who planned it and falsified his own belief by dying before it was completed, and his successor, "Jezreel II.," acted as William Whiteleys to the once notorious sect of which they were head. The original scheme for the building allowed for an outlay of £140,000, with an additional £40,000 or so for the fittings; a splendid series of apartments for the Elect; and a hall large enough to hold five thousand kneeling Faithful. On the wall is a representation of "The Flying Roll," an interpretation of the Scriptures which the founder of the sect claimed to have received from Jerusalem, but which no one has seen. Until lately, the few remaining members of "the New and Latter House of Israel" have used the lower part of the structure as stables, cow-houses, and printing-works.

Motor-Omnibuses for Paris.

This week Paris will get its first few motor-omnibuses, and before long, no doubt, the old-fashioned three-horse stage-coaches will have disappeared. It almost seems a pity, for although, of course, the motor-buses will go faster, all who have watched and studied them will regret the omnibus-horses of the Ville Lumière. They are the most intelligent beasts imaginable, and every one of them has a decided sense of humour. Watch them on a wet day

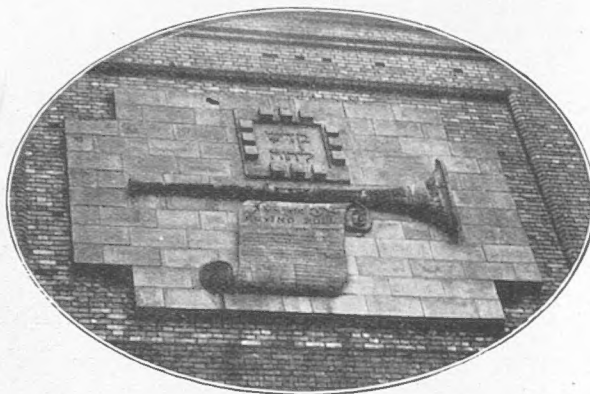


LAND AT 16s. 8d. A SQUARE INCH: A LOT IN NEW YORK, SOLD FOR £141,666 13s. 4d.

An old four-storeyed building and the ground at the corner of Wall Street and Broadway was sold the other day by the Benjamin B. Silliman Estate for 700,000 dollars. It has a frontage of 30 feet on Broadway and of 37 feet 10 inches on Wall Street.

"Israel's Temple."

Jezreel's Tower, for nearly twenty years a landmark at Chatham, is to exist no more as a sanctuary for the Jezreelites at the coming of the second Deluge in which they believe. Commerce has claimed it, and commerce is to turn it into a factory. Truth to tell, it will hardly be its first association with business, for,



A REPRESENTATION OF THE "FLYING ROLL," WHICH "JEZREEL" CLAIMED TO HAVE RECEIVED FROM JERUSALEM.

The founder of the once notorious sect of the Jezreelites claimed to have received, not only revelation from Heaven, but sacred writings from Jerusalem interpreting the Scriptures. He said that he kept the original MS. in safe custody, but no one ever saw it.

in Paris, when an anxious crowd has clustered waiting underneath umbrella-drippings for an opportunity to climb into the omnibus. The crowd stands in a puddle, and, just as the haven appears ready to receive them, the omnibus is moved on five or ten yards, and while the unhappy crowd trudges and splashes after it the horses turn their heads and grin. They really do so: many have seen them. And they have seen another thing which shows how more than ordinarily intelligent the omnibus-horses of Paris are. At the corner of the Rue Chaptal three horses stand in readiness, and, as an omnibus comes up, one of

them is harnessed in front of the three which pull it on the flat to drag the great vehicle up the stiff hill to the Boulevard de Clichy. The attendant on these three waiting horses occasionally goes off for some refreshment, and as soon as he does so you may see the foremost horse, whose turn to pull would in the ordinary course come next, go round and take his place last in the row, so as to miss his turn.

Lutetia's First Omnibuses.

The first omnibuses in Paris were run in 1662. At first they were not fashionable, and the crowds used to stone them, in spite of their gorgeous appearance, and their coachmen with the Royal coat-of-arms upon their waistcoats, and the municipal archer who escorted them. Gradually they became more popular, although for a long time the *bourgeois* thought it undignified to ride in them.

Then Louis XIV. and the Duc d'Enghien rode in one, and they became fashionable, and all prejudices vanished finally when, in the days of Charles X., the Duchesse de Berri patronised one for a bet.

A New Viscountess. The death of Lord Massereene and Ferrard raises a youthful bride to the rank of Peeress, for the new Lord Massereene married Miss Jean Ainsworth, the daughter of the Scottish M.P., early last winter, and at the time the soldier bridegroom's elder brother was still living. The young Viscountess is very pretty and charming, and she has already become very popular in County Louth.

Saws with Diamond Teeth. Many firms, recognising the value of the diamond for cutting stone, have sought to make a diamond-toothed saw suitable for commercial purposes, many

have failed, and some have even been brought to ruin by their experiments. Setting was the chief difficulty, and it was not until Messrs. George Anderson and Co. hit upon a method of sealing the diamonds

by electricity, after they had been specially prepared for the process, that the tool became a trade possibility. Then came the difficulty of selling the saw when made. For a long time the conservative British builder and contractor was not willing to accept the idea of a diamond cutting-edge; now he uses it for dividing the stones for most of his important work.



Photo. J. Tudor Rees.

WHERE "THE JAPANESE NELSON" WAS TRAINED IN THIS COUNTRY: THE OLD "EXMOUTH," WHICH IS NOW BEING BROKEN UP IN PENARTH DOCK.

It is common knowledge that Admiral Togo, like so many officers of the Japanese Navy, received his earliest nautical training on board a British battle-ship, in his case the "Exmouth," which took part in the Crimean War, during which she attacked several Russian forts.

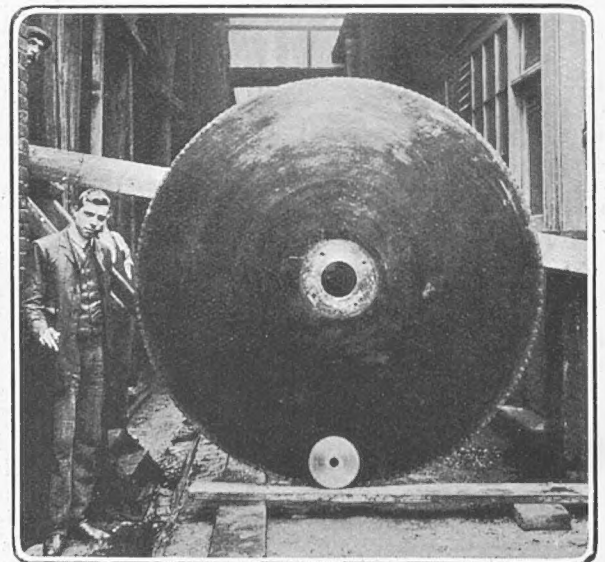


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

A CIRCULAR SAW WITH 166 DIAMOND TEETH.

The saw here illustrated has diamonds mounted round the edge of the saw-plate, the object being to obtain a faster cutting-edge than that yielded by ordinary saw-teeth. It is the largest tool of the kind in the world; it is used for cutting limestones and marble; and it is the property of Messrs. Moses Eadon and Sons, Limited, President Works, Sheffield, by whom it was made.

Lord Leicester. The venerable representative of the famous Coke of Norfolk is the greatest of Norfolk landowners and Peers. He is the chief of a most imposing family group, and at one time he was father-in-law to no fewer than five Earls. Holkham Hall, where the Sovereign and the Prince of Wales have so often been entertained, is noted among sporting folk all the world over, for the park can show specimens of every kind of game bred in this country. The Coke family have long been famed for their love of agriculture and for their success in farming operations. Lord Leicester is also very proud of his model village, which the present Queen is said to have once described as "the prettiest hamlet in Norfolk." At the present moment Holkham is *en fête* owing to the engagement of Mr. Thomas Coke, the grandson and heir-presumptive of Lord Leicester, to Miss Marian Trefusis.

A Future Queen's Tutor. Princess Gustavus Adolphus is fortunate in her Swedish tutor, for Mr. E. Österberg is a most distinguished man, very popular in Stockholm University circles, and long a *persona grata* at the



ONE OF THE EXECUTORS OF THE KING'S WILL:
LORD LEICESTER.

Lord Leicester, an old friend of the King, and an executor of His Majesty's will, is descended from the famous lawyer, Sir Edward Coke. He boasts of the largest family in the Peerage, and has had no fewer than eighteen children, the eldest of whom is fifty years older than the youngest.

Photograph by F. Ralph.

was before her marriage Miss Irene Murray, one of the prettiest of New Century debutantes, and her marriage to the immensely rich young Anglo-American whose name she bears took place in the Midsummer of three years ago. The happy couple were among the first honeymooners who took advantage of the horseless-carriage in order to see something of foreign countries, and they met with a very serious accident within a fortnight of their wedding-day. They were driving, late in the evening, near Fontainebleau, when they collided with a cart whose driver had forgotten to light up. They were both thrown out, but not badly hurt.

The Birthday Honours.

For the second year in succession, the honours' list published on the occasion of His Majesty's official birthday does not add to the number of those

entitled to sit in the House of Lords. The most interesting appointments, indeed, are those to the Order of Merit. Six members have been added to this, to take the place of the two members who have died since its establishment, Sir Harry Keppel and Watts. The additions are: Field-Marshal Sir George White, Admiral Sir John Fisher, Sir Richard Jebb, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, George Meredith, and William Holman-Hunt. There are ten new baronetcies, the recipients being Mr. T. J. Birkin, a great landowner in Nottingham and head of an old-established firm of Nottingham lace-makers, who gains his honour for various acts of public benevolence; Mr. S. B. Boulton, Lord of the Manor of Totteridge, head of a firm of timber-merchants, and well known for his work on the Chamber of Commerce; Mr. G. Cooper and Mr. H. de Sterne, both prominent philanthropists; Mr. F. W. Fison, who has represented the Doncaster Division for some years; Mr. Charles Holcroft, who has done considerable work in connection with the new University of Birmingham; Mr. T. B. Royden, who has been Mayor of Liverpool on several occasions; Mr. C. E. Tritton, the Member for the Norwood



THE TUTOR OF A FUTURE QUEEN:
MR. E. ÖSTERBERG, WHO IS TO TEACH PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN SWEDISH.

Photograph by Dahlstr.

Swedish Court. The Crown Prince himself chose Mr. Österberg to fulfil the very responsible duty of teaching his pretty British daughter-in-law the language of her own and her husband's people. The post of language-tutor to one who will in all human probability be Queen is fraught with difficulty, for it is this gentleman's duty to do so much more than merely to teach the language: he has, also, to give her some idea of the country and of its literature. Fortunately, Her Royal Highness has a great gift for languages; she speaks French and German perfectly, and the very day after her engagement was announced she began studying Swedish, it being her object to make herself conversant with its best books.

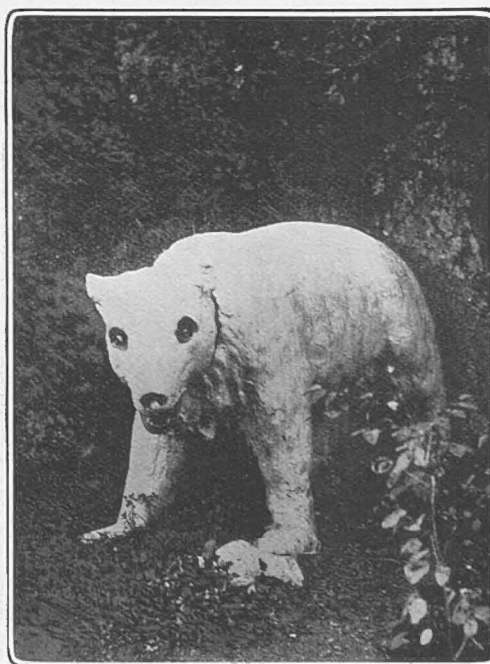
A New London Hostess. Mrs. Marshall Roberts is the happy mistress of one of the finest houses in Grosvenor Square, and there she has done a good deal of entertaining this Season. She has already taken her place as a dancing hostess, for among the amenities of her London mansion is an immense ball-room, which was built by the former occupant, Lord Aberdeen, as a place where meetings of a philanthropic as well as of a convivial nature could be held. Mrs. Marshall Roberts



A NEW LONDON HOSTESS:
MRS. MARSHALL ROBERTS, WHO IS ENTERTAINING LARGELY THIS SEASON.

Photograph by Langflier.

Division, and a well-known temperance advocate; Mr. J. C. Wernher, a partner in Messrs. Wernher, Beit, and Co., and an ardent supporter of schemes for advancing education; and Alderman John Pound, the Lord Mayor. Lord Tennyson, Lord Rayleigh, the Earl of Mansfield, and Sir R. B. Finlay have become Privy Councillors; and the Earl of Ranfurly, Sir F. R. Falkiner, Recorder of Dublin, Mr. Charles Holcroft, and Mr. T. B. Royden, Privy Councillors of Ireland. Among the new Knights are Professor T. McCall Anderson, M.D., Regius of Medicine at Glasgow; Mr. R. J. P. Gardner, who has done much to ameliorate the lot of the working classes in Dublin; Dr. A. B. W. Kennedy, Professor of Civil Engineering at University College; Mr. Shipley, Mayor of Windsor; Mr. Isidore Spielmann, who has done so much for the art of this country; Dr. W. J. Smyly, President of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland; and Mr. Alderman T. Vesey Strong and Mr. G. J. Woodman, the Sheriffs. Various "Foreign and Colonial" and "Naval and Military" honours are also announced, as well as appointments to the Royal Victorian and Imperial Service Orders. Prince Arthur of Connaught becomes Personal A.D.C. to the King.



THE SIGN OF THE INN THAT ONCE STOOD ON THE SITE OF THE CRITERION: "THE WHITE BEAR."

"The White Bear," which stood on the site of the Criterion and was its immediate predecessor, was the starting-place of the Bath coaches. The wooden bear here shown was the sign of the inn, and when the coaches ceased to run it was removed to a cottage-garden at Fickles Hole, near Croydon.

Photograph by Ward Muir.

*The Only Man who
could Run Mexico.*

Porfirio Diaz and modern Mexico are synonymous—Diaz is Mexico, and Mexico, Diaz. Truth to tell, he is the only man who could run the country, and when he was elected to lead it a quarter of a century or so ago, it was in the position of those "ten-cent Republics" of which Mr. Richard Harding Davis is so fond. In fifty-nine years it had known fifty-two rulers; it was the happy hunting-ground of licensed and unlicensed robbers, often headed by the President himself; life and property had to be constantly guarded and vigorously defended; bandits made the suburbs untenable; battle, murder, and sudden death were commonplaces. All this President Diaz has changed; under him his country has gained peace, prosperity, and respect, and, to his infinite credit be it said, he himself has not amassed great wealth in its progress; indeed, his Cabinet contains men ten or twenty times as rich as he. Personally, he is a man not only of diplomacy, courage, and strength of will, but of just and wide views, and, with it all, one who knows how to meet force with force. In a word, a great statesman, a great leader of men.

*Our Japanese
Guests.*

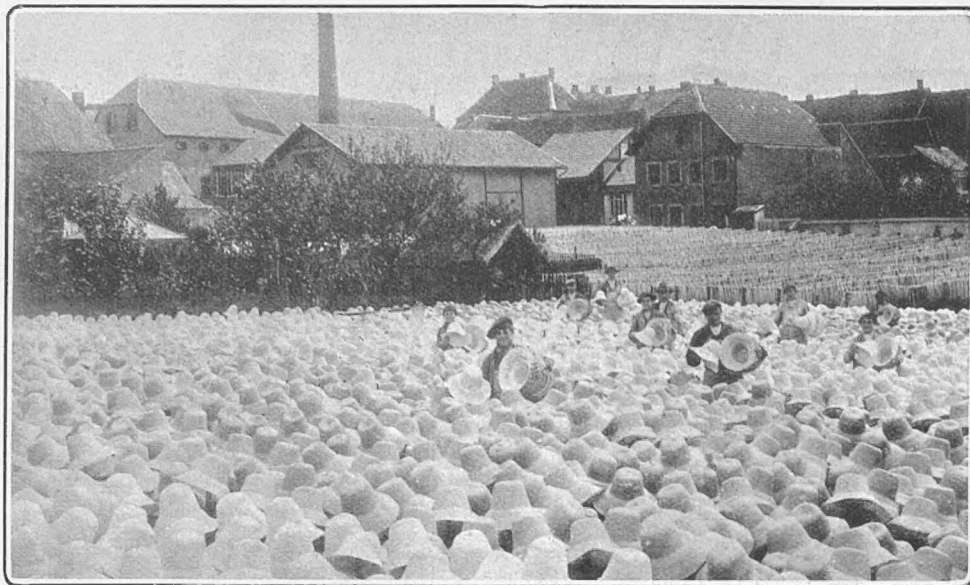
Prince and Princess Arisugawa will carry away a pleasant impression of our country, for they have been splendidly fêted, and that by all ranks of society. They specially enjoyed the garden-party last week, like all Japanese, is passionately fond of flowers. Her Imperial Highness has shown a decided preference for pink as a colour. She generally wears the most delicate rose-coloured silks and chiffons, and she looks best in this fresh tint.

*The Launch of
the "Katori."*

Nothing could be more meet than that Prince Arisugawa should launch the *Kashima's* sister-ship, the *Katori*, at Barrow, for His Imperial Highness is a sailor before all things. Not only that, but he owes much of his nautical education to England, even as his country owes this country many of her war-vessels and much of her knowledge of fighting them. The Prince, indeed, first served as Midshipman on the *Iron Duke*, then flagship on the China Station, later joining the Channel Squadron, and, finally, passing through the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. During the war with China he earned considerable commendation for the skill with which he handled the *Matsushima*, until the fatal illness of his brother caused his recall to Tokio. Since that time, as Admiral-Superintendent of the Naval Dépôt of Yokosuka, fitly described as the Portsmouth of Japan, he has had much to do with the progress of his country's Navy.

*The Beauties of
Knebworth.*

It is appropriate that the highly successful visit which the Canadian manufacturers are paying to the Mother Country should be brought to a



FOR THE RIVER MAN AND THE RIVER GIRL: PANAMA HATS BLEACHING IN THE SUN IN ALSACE-LORRAINE.



OUR IMPERIAL GUESTS FROM JAPAN:
PRINCESS ARISUGAWA.

The Princess was born Yasuko, second daughter of Malda, the wealthy Daimio of Kaga, and was married on Dec. 13, 1879.

Photograph by Ullstein and Co.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARISUGAWA AT THE GARDEN-PARTY GIVEN BY THE JAPAN SOCIETY IN THE BOTANICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

Prince and Princess Arisugawa honoured the Japan Society by attending its garden-party last week. They were accommodated with a specially decorated and carpeted hut furnished with gilt chairs.

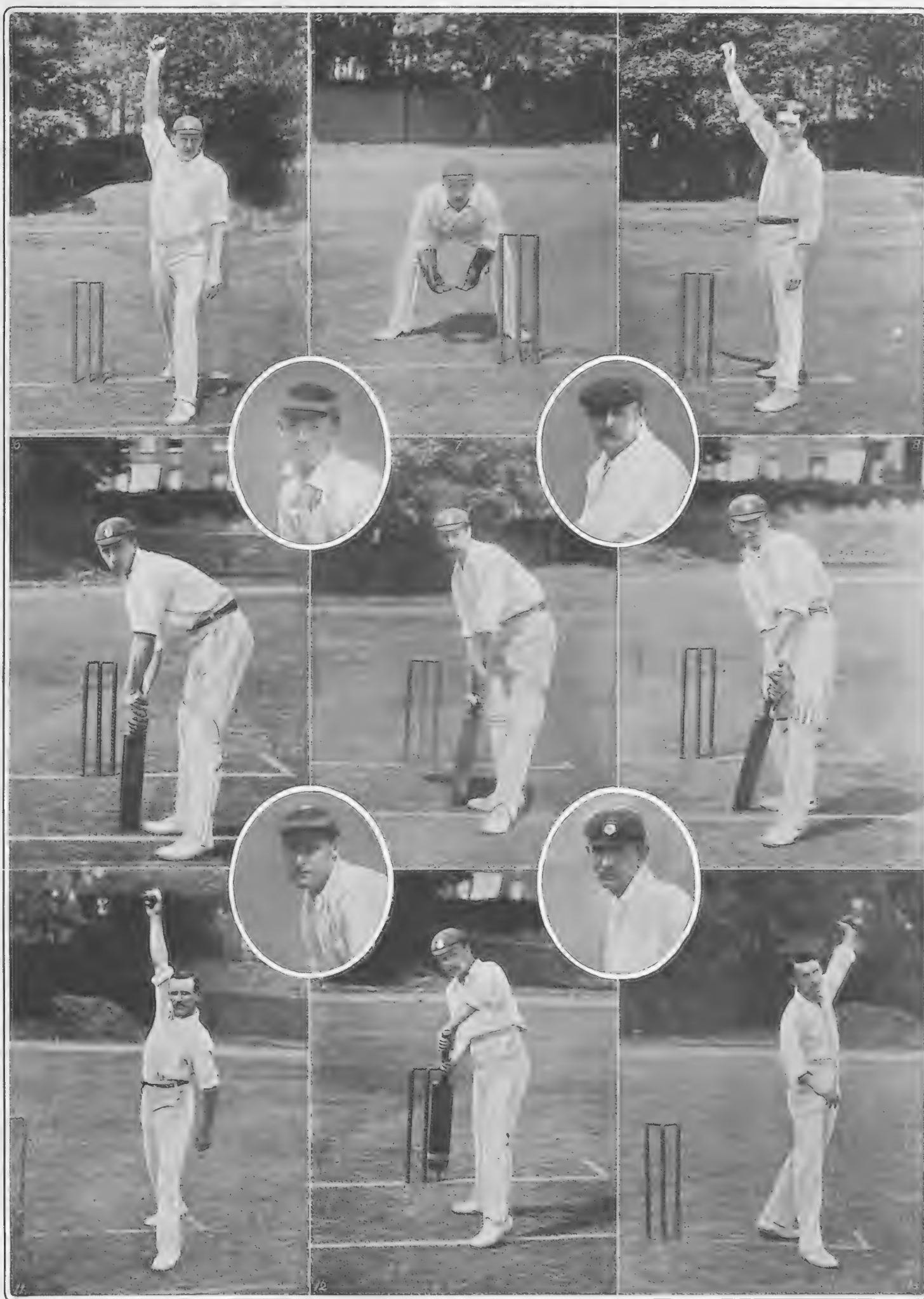
Photograph by Bowden.

conclusion next Saturday by a garden-party at Knebworth, the home of Lord Strathcona, who is the most famous of living Canadians. The mansion at Knebworth is resplendent with quantities of gilding and sham Gothic, representing the taste of Bulwer-Lytton's mother, and, no doubt, of the novelist himself. The gardens, however, and the park with its beautiful trees, are worthy of the greatest admiration. Lord and Lady Strathcona's Canadian guests will be particularly interested in a little wood with a clearing in the centre for open-air dances; and it will not be forgotten, we may be sure, that the first Lord Lytton, the novelist, was at one time Secretary of State for the Colonies.

*A Festival of Lace
and Elegance.*

French Society, and, for that matter, Society in most places when it is spelled with a big "S," never wearies of good or of ill doing. The Parisians play bridge now and lose large sums of money which some of them can ill afford to pay, but, like the austere Mrs. Clennam, they keep their account-book of good and evil, and if the debit side be heavy towards the Season's ending they weigh in with a charitable fête or two to strike a balance. The festival of lace and elegance on the Jeu de Paume terrace of the Tuileries Gardens was given on behalf of the Brittany lace-makers. There were a dozen or so of them there, sitting each with her pillow and her bobbins underneath the trees—dear old dames, in rustling dresses of puce-coloured or old-rose silk, dresses that cost a £40 bank-note at least, and which were probably the old dames' dowries when they married. There they sat in their gorgeous dresses, waxen-faced, white-coiffed and stately, working their nimble, mittened fingers at a feverish speed to make a fraction of an inch of lace a day. It was a point, the point, in fact, of the festivity that all the lacemakers were old, and its real reason (besides that of balancing the wrong-doings of Society) was the raising of funds for the encouragement of the lace industry in France, an industry which is fast dying out. The fête as a fête was splendidly organised. The Duchesse d'Uzès, white-haired and capable, was everywhere at once. The Comtesse de Greffulhe busied herself with the refreshments and the entertainments. Pretty girls in Pompadour costumes sold flower-bouquets trimmed with lace, the Rue St. Honoré in the days of Louis XIV. was full of twentieth-century men and women, real Breton peasants danced real Breton dances and sang real Breton songs, and here and there were stalls at which real Breton cider and (for those who could digest them) real Breton pancakes were sold at fête-prices. The whole thing was a huge success, and Paris danced the last dance of the Season into the small hours of the morning, all in the cause of charity.

COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—IV. HAMPSHIRE.



1. H. HESKETH-PRICHARD. 2. STONE. 3. D. A. STEELE. 4. W. H. B. EVANS. 5. BALDWIN. 6. REV. W. V. JEPHSON. 7. E. M. SPOT (CAPTAIN).
8. BOWELL. 9. A. J. L. HILL. 10. CAPTAIN GREIG. 11. LANGFORD. 12. F. H. BACON. 13. LLEWELLYN.

Photographs by Foster.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

THE explanations and apologies that have come from St. Petersburg since the last batch of British merchant-vessels was sunk by Russian cruisers must be deemed satisfactory to all save the unfortunate few who chanced to be personally interested in those vessels. It is, perhaps, natural enough that the commanders of the cruisers referred to should be anxious to seek what glory they can find in regions lying outside the radius of Admiral Togo's guns. After all, it is something in the way of an achievement to play havoc with the inoffensive mercantile fleet of a Power that is reputed to be mistress of the seas, and, moreover, the game does not seem likely to prove as expensive as the more nervous publicists in St. Petersburg feared. I note that Russian diplomacy is beginning to raise the question whether it is not quite lawful to sink British merchant-ships. Time and Professor Holland must be left to settle that question. For the present, it only remains to record that the greater part of the bag obtained by Russia's Fleet since the beginning of the war consists of this country's mercantile marine.

London's Slaves. When I go about the town o' nights, it sometimes happens that cigarettes give out, or that the high esteem in which I hold him prompts me to offer the writer of these notes a good cigar. No matter what the hour may be, no matter if every other shop in the thoroughfare has long since closed its doors, I am nearly certain to find the tobacconists keeping open house. Inside the shop I am equally certain to find some tired-eyed man or lad striving bravely to keep awake and ready to respond with unflinching civility to my every wish. I have made some inquiries of this most persecuted class, and find that many of these shop-hands work for fifteen hours a day and seven days a week. When I think how able-bodied men combine and force the proprietors of huge industrial undertakings to cede an eight-hours' day, it seems strange that these sweated children of the tobacco trade should not be able to form something in the nature of a Union.

Rabbits. Mr. J. K. Jerome has been calling the attention of the public at large to the horrors of the steel trap that is to be found on nearly every large estate in England. His appeal is timely and reasonable enough, but, unfortunately, it is unlikely to travel far beyond the radius of London and the great provincial cities, where men having little or no intimate knowledge of country life wonder that such things can be.



Björnstjerne Björnson.

THE SECESSION OF NORWAY FROM SWEDEN: BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON, THE GREAT NORWEGIAN WRITER, WHO HAS SIGNIFIED HIS SYMPATHY WITH THE ACT.

A good story has it that Björnstjerne Björnson, who was in Denmark at the time of the secession, wired to the Norwegian Prime Minister as soon as he heard the news, saying, "Now is the time to keep together." The Premier, it is said in Copenhagen, wired back, with more force than politeness, "Now is the time to keep our mouths shut."

Photograph by H. Damgaard.

I myself, with a lifelong experience of the country, have been forced to the conclusion that birds, beasts, and fishes must look upon man much as an unwelcome stranger in the territory of the Grand Lama would be likely to look upon the Tibetans. The annual slaughter of harmless fur and feather carried out by ignorant or brutal gamekeepers, with the cognisance of masters who, if not so brutal, are little better informed, is positively appalling. From time to time during the year proud gamekeepers call upon me to admire their "larder," a collection of bodies or skeletons of birds and beasts many of which do more good than harm.

"La Vita Nuova."

The boom in new life continues and is likely to afford Fleet Street, or, at least, a considerable section of it, a solution to the ever-pressing problem of a desirable Silly Season correspondence. Letters are beginning to pour in already, and, if I could have just five shillings for every utterly irrelevant communication that will be sent in the next three months to editors of popular newspapers, I should be in a position to retire from business, live happily ever afterwards, and endow an asylum for the irrelevant. Vital questions of this sort supply faddists and bores with pegs upon which they can hang what they are pleased to call arguments.

It will come as a relief to many sensitive folk to read that none of the theologians who manage to squeeze so much self-advertisement into the conduct of their business propose to retire from it, their argument, so far as I can follow it, being that if life can be made from dead material, it does not matter, and if life cannot be so made, it is yet another triumph for the faithful. If the brilliant Cambridge scientist has not succeeded in convincing all his brethren, he has, at least, succeeded in fluttering the doves of the unlearned, and the resulting clatter of wings, even if it adds nothing to the value of discussion, gives immense pleasure to countless foolish birds. But, of course, until scientific controversy can be forbidden to those who are unable to show some qualification that has other than an hysterical foundation, scientists must learn to suffer without complaining. They will find, if they have time to refer, that the Sage of Chelsea summed up their noisiest opponents in a sentence that contains more germs of life than they have yet succeeded in creating.

The Kindness of Motorists.

In these days, when the happy few who possess motor-cars are so terribly persecuted by the envious many who hope to have one some day, it is pleasant to record an act of kindness by the minority. In order to spread the news of this kindness, I have pleasure in calling attention to a work that has just been published by the Car Library. It is entitled "The Best Way Out of London." Those who will study its pages carefully and will act upon the advice contained therein will have no occasion in future for getting in the way of the chauffeur who dominates the Metropolis anywhere within the four-mile radius. All they have to do is to learn the best way out of London, and take it as soon as they can. If, in making the grand exodus, they will choose the byways instead of the highways, will keep quite close to the hedge, and will, when necessary, climb over it, I see no reason why there should be motor casualties in future, or why motorists should be disturbed in their occupation of the roads. When one considers the question fairly, the motorist always shows a laudable desire to leave the road almost as soon as he has entered it, and it must be confessed by all fair-minded persons that he makes much less use of the road than any of the pedestrians who seek to occupy it for quite a long time and are quite prepared to grumble when they are run over.



THE BEST-PAID EDITOR IN THE WORLD: MR. ARTHUR BRISBANE, WHO EDITS THE NEW YORK "EVENING JOURNAL" AT A SALARY OF £10,000 A YEAR.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the Managing Editor of the New York "Evening Journal," is considered to wield more power in the United States than the President himself, and his influence, extending through the chain of Hearst papers, reaches from New York and Boston on the Atlantic to Chicago in the Middle West, and on to San Francisco and the Pacific. His "straight talk" leaders are read daily by over two million people. He it is who retains on his staff Mr. F. Opper, the famous anti-Trust cartoonist.

Photograph by G. C. Cox.

THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD RUN MEXICO:

PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ AND HIS FAMILY.



PORFIRIO DIAZ,
President of Mexico,
who has re-created the
Republic.

SEÑORA LUZ DIAZ DE RINCON
GALLARDO,

Younger Daughter of President Diaz, and wife of
a member of one of Mexico's foremost families.

MADAME CARMEN ROMERO RUBIO
DE DIAZ,

Wife of the President, and one of the most
popular of the ladies of the Republic.

SEÑORA
AMADA DIAZ
DE LA TORRE.
Elder Daughter of
President Diaz.

CAPTAIN PORFIRIO DIAZ,

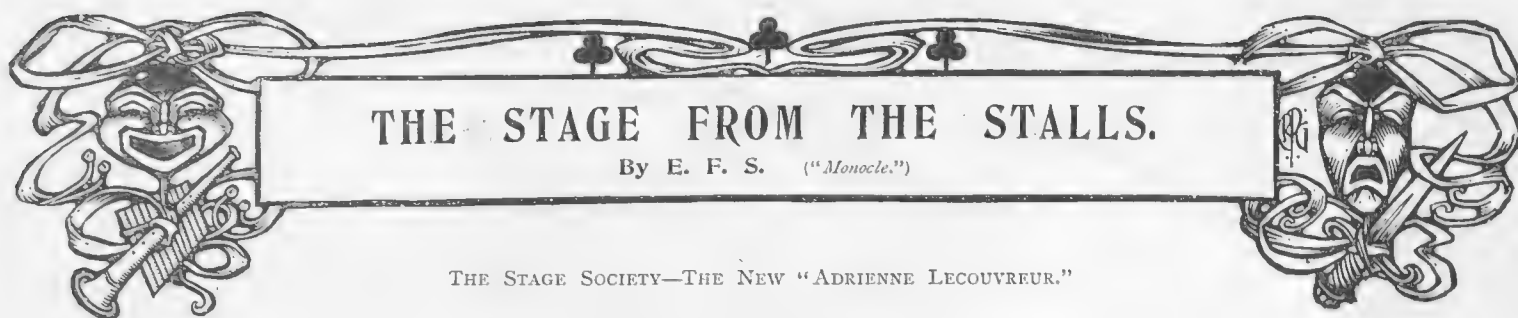
Only son of President Diaz, in the Louis XVI. costume he wore at a recent
Fancy-dress Ball.

SEÑORA LUISA RAIGOSA DIAZ,

Wife of Captain Porfirio Diaz, in the Shepherdess costume she wore at the
Fancy-dress Ball recently given by her.

In nine-and-fifty years Mexico had had two-and-fifty rulers. Then came President Porfirio Diaz and with him a great and extraordinary change. Before his advent the country knew little but revolution; robbery was rife, and often the President was the chief robber, neither property nor life was safe, and bandits were even more plentiful than causes for revolution; now it is as safe as New York, prosperous, progressive, and respected. Truly has President Diaz been called the maker of modern Mexico, truly is he the only man who has been able to run it.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.") Photographs by Valletto.



THE STAGE SOCIETY—THE NEW "ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR."

THE Stage Society wound up with two plays: one "The New Felicity," by Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, and the other called "One Day More," of which Mr. Joseph Conrad, writer of some powerful books, is the author. "The New Felicity" gives one the idea that the dramatist, who has already demonstrated that she possesses real talent, works with curious uncertainty. We know that some playwrights profess—and, it is only fair to say, believe—that their method of writing comedies is to create several characters of importance, bring them into relation with one another, and treat the presumed results of their contact as the play. The cold observer has doubts when he sees a nicely constructed drama whether this, possibly the ideal mode of construction for a drama, has been adopted. In the case of "The New Felicity" it is imaginable that the dramatist has worked by the suggested method, and possible that

some of the results were as surprising to her as to the audience. To the theatre, putting written but unacted drama aside, her central figure is something of a novelty—a novelty, one may paradoxically observe, a little out-of-date. During much of the play there seems a kind of emasculated philanderer, asking of women and offering to them nothing more than a species of Laodicean affection or friendship, though knowing quite well that in the normal current of life there is no resting-place between indifference and love for young men and women not separated, or bound, by a family tie. He is quite finely drawn as a study of pure selfishness, and the play is vivid and painful in the scenes where he is seeking the affection and assistance of Evangeline Percival, a beautiful young actress, and offering nothing in return but fine phrases, cold caresses, and

presentation copies of books the only value of which is due to her inspiration and criticism. It happened that the part of Evangeline was played by Miss Irene Rooke quite beautifully: personal charm, technical skill, strangeness, and a rich, throbbing voice would, under normal circumstances, render any actress, already admired by critics and public for excellent work, a "star" in our theatres, which, however, at present are in such a strange state that one can hardly hope that her Evangeline will be of service to her. At the same time, I should like to remark that I do not believe that the admitted suffering of many admirable players is due to the competition of amateurs actuated by a moving and a transitory mania for play-acting, a proposition put forward lately in a popular halfpenny paper without specific allegations of fact to support it. That the theatrical profession, in common with almost all others, is overcrowded with competent people can hardly be denied, and that many who rarely get good engagements are more deserving than some who thrive is true; but the question is not one of competition by amateurs, for most of those who cumber the stage are mediocrities of great experience. Several other characters were well represented in Miss Alma-Tadema's able, interesting, but curiously uneven play,

notably those acted by Mr. Charles Lander and Miss Florence St. John, Miss Dora Barton and Miss Lucy Webling.

Mr. Conrad's piece concerning the casual courtship by a sailor of an unhappy girl has a strange note of power in its suggestion of the wandering spirit which, according to several modern writers, is often the result of a sea-life. Comfort, even prosperity, on land, with means to get plenty of grog by little labour, is offered to him; the love of an affectionate, handsome girl is within his reach; he is penniless, for the sea and foreign lands have treated him harshly, though, perhaps, little worse than he deserved; but the spirit of restlessness is in him, and he cannot stay even for a while and cage himself in a cottage. The picture is well if a little roughly drawn, and there is almost a touch of poetry about it. A difficulty is the

outcome, since the author finds no way of ending his play save that of causing the man to slouch off—a rather lame conclusion to a short piece incidentally presenting a blind man and a madman. Undoubtedly, the work during a few minutes was really dramatic, yet, on the whole, was violent and ineffective. There is, however, at least an agreeable promise in it that the author may some day be able to utilise effectively for the stage his valuable imaginative gifts. A very able piece of acting was given by Miss Constance Collier, and Mr. Julian L'Estrange succeeded in presenting a rather vivid idea of the man with a mania for wandering who finds that even the whole world is too small for him and regards the idea of home with horror.



Adrienne Lecouvreur (Mme. Sarah Bernhardt).

Duchesse de Bouillon (Mme. Dufrène).

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT'S PRODUCTION OF HER NEW VERSION OF "ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR": THE MEETING BETWEEN ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR (MME. SARAH BERNHARDT) AND HER RIVAL FOR THE LOVE OF MAURICE DE SAXE, THE DUCHESSE DE BOUILLON (MME. DUFRÈNE).

Photograph by Bassano.

Madame Bernhardt's version of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which

has been enjoying a great success at the Coronet Theatre, is not, I fancy, quite her first venture as playwright. Certainly, even if in some places a little uncouth in form, it does not look at all like the work of a beginner. To many of the critics wearied of Scribe's theatrical piece, which has been done to death here as well as abroad, the new version was an agreeable change, though whether this novel procedure of making fresh versions of still current dramas is permissible may be regarded as, at least, an open question. For the actress's play is certainly an adaptation of the well-known tragedy rather than an original version of a story partly, at least, taken from real life. Perhaps the most interesting and valuable change is that Adrienne now does not die of poison, but of mistaken belief in the idea that she has been poisoned—a modern idea that may be regarded as a real improvement. Of course, Mme. Bernhardt acted with enthusiasm in her own play, and exhibited herself at quite the top of her amazing powers. The scenes of strife between her and the Duchesse de Bouillon are of even greater importance in this than in the original version, and so Mme. Blanche Dufrène had a very heavy part, which she handled quite admirably. M. de Max acted with great skill as the Abbé.

"FORM'D WITH SUCH HARMONIOUS GRACE."



Mlle. NADJE, WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

THE BENEFICIAL RESULT OF BOARD-SCHOOL EDUCATION.



THE UNEMPLOYED WALKER: I ought ter 'ave been called "Reflection," 'cos there seems more food for that than anything 'else.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

FROM THE REVISED VERSION.



"Now then, Tommy, let me hear you repeat the Fourth Commandment."

"Six days shalt thy neighbour do all that thou hast to do, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest."

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AS I made some animadversions on the *Saturday Review's* severe criticisms of Professor Barrett Wendell's book on the "Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature," it is only fair to say that there is another side to the matter. The *New York Times Saturday Review*, which is the most widely circulated and, in many respects, the best of the American literary journals, endorses the judgment of its English contemporary. It thinks that there are Professors at Harvard, or, at least, there have been, who could go to old Cambridge and talk about English literature of any period to the edification of their hearers. But Professor Wendell is not one of them. "The critic hunts him through three columns to all his fastnesses, and shows up his incompetency to the task he has undertaken, which, supposedly, is to tell people already fairly well read in the English literature of the seventeenth century something that they do not already know. He has done nothing of the kind."

It seems that a Professor of Chicago announced himself as a lecturer upon "Romeo and Juliet." On being questioned, he did not know in what Italian city the scene of the play was laid, or what were the names of the two families between whom the feud existed which is the motive of the play. The unhappy witness was in much the same position as the applicant for a schoolmastership who was asked of what country Vienna was the capital. After fencing with the question to the best of his ability, he was reduced to explaining, "I know of what country Vienna is the capital probably as well as you do, but, you see, I have not the flow of language to express it."

Of the seven young men in Provence who set themselves to revive Provençal literature, another has passed away in the person of M. Alphonse Tavan. This leaves Mistral the sole survivor of the group. Mistral is by far the most famous of the seven, and the only other who is known in England is Félix Gras, whose novel, "The Reds of the Midi," was translated some time ago and widely circulated. M. Tavan held a post in a railway company, and was the author of two volumes of verse as well as of a comedy.

Henry James has his critics, and they busy themselves with his later works, but he has also his warm admirers. They compare him to Whistler, and his critics to Whistler's critics. These latter declared that Whistler's pictures could with equal pleasure be gazed on upside-down, that Whistler splashed his paint on this and that, and scarcely knew what the results would be except that the colours blended. They cried to Whistler: "Oh, paint a house or something!" So they say that James can be read backward and forward with equal results, that he rambles on for merely harmonious effects, and never cares whether a reader understands or not; and they cry to him: "Oh, write a romance and tell us in plain English when the heroine is being kissed!" But "The Little White Girl" has come to be one of America's few claims to artistic distinction, and so it will be with "The Sacred Fount," and "The Golden Bowl," and "The Wings of a Dove."

The anonymous American volume, "A Publisher's Confession," is to appear in London shortly. It is published in America by Doubleday, Page, and Co., and is said to be written by Mr. Walter Page,

who was for a time the energetic editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, as well as of other publications. As I mentioned some time ago, Mr. Page confesses the sins of authors rather than of publishers.

Kate Douglas Wiggin's new story will be entitled "Rose o' the River," and will appear in September. Mrs. Wiggin's visit to London was a very short one. She has now returned to her summer home in Maine.

Few serial stories have been read with more interest than Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth," in *Scribner's*. It is said to be a marvellous and faithful description of Smart Society in America. It does not err on the side of kindness. The story will be published in volume form early in the autumn.

A new work, to be published under the title "English Goldsmiths and their Marks," will contain facsimiles of more than eleven thousand marks that have appeared on English silver and gold.

Professor Gilbert Murray's new translation will be one of the "Electra" of Euripides.

Golfers will learn with pleasure that the game has made sufficient progress in America to be dealt with in a novel. Mr. Frederick Upham Adams' novel, "John Henry Smith," is a love-story founded on golf, and the drawings are by Mr. A. B. Frost, who is said to know his golf as well as the author does. With the exception of Captain Marshall's story, I do not remember any English novel of which golf is the motive.

The lectures on the History of Art delivered by M. Salomon Reinach at the School of the Louvre have been published by Hachette, under the title "Apollo," and translated into English by Florence Simmonds. M. Reinach is a scholar with a style. Referring to the Venus of Milo, he says that, while the majority of archæologists to-day date the statue about 100 B.C., he is convinced that it is nearly three centuries older. He even believes that it represents not Venus, but the Goddess of the Sea, Amphitrite, holding a trident in her extended left arm, and that it is a masterpiece of the School of Phidias. The Venus of Milo is not elegant, or dreamy, or im-

passioned; she is strong and serene. This is why she became and remains so popular. Troubled and fevered generations see in her the highest expression of the quality they most lack, the serenity which is not apathetic indifference, but health of body and health of mind.

Mr. E. F. Benson's new novel, "The Image in the Sand," deals largely with the supernatural, and has many exciting incidents.

The Jubilee of Messrs. Nelson's American branch occurred on June 3. The business was established in New York City on June 3, 1854, by Thomas Nelson, the second of that name. Up to 1896, Messrs. Nelson were agents in America for the Oxford Bibles, but in that year the arrangement with the Oxford University Press was cancelled by mutual consent, and the firm took up the work of Bible publishing in the United States on their own account. One of their most important undertakings in this direction was the publishing of the American Standard Revised Bible, which has been brought out in over a hundred different styles. o. o.



A PROBLEM FOR THE "PHYSICALLY DEVELOPED" WOMAN—HOW IS SHE TO ESCAPE THE ATTACK OF A MOUSE WHEN SHE CAN NEITHER RUN AWAY NOR JUMP ON A CHAIR?

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.



MISS EDNA MAY, WHO HAS JUST LEFT ENGLAND FOR AMERICA.

Miss Edna May returned to this country for a week or two in order to rehearse Miss Ellaline Terriss's part in "The Catch of the Season," in which she is to appear in New York on Sept. 1, and has now left for America again. Mr. Fred Wright, Mr. Fred Kaye, Mr. Farren Soutar, and Miss Margaret Fraser are due to sail in about ten days' time in order that they may play in the same production.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.



MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS ROSALIE IN "THE SPRING CHICKEN," AT THE GAIETY.

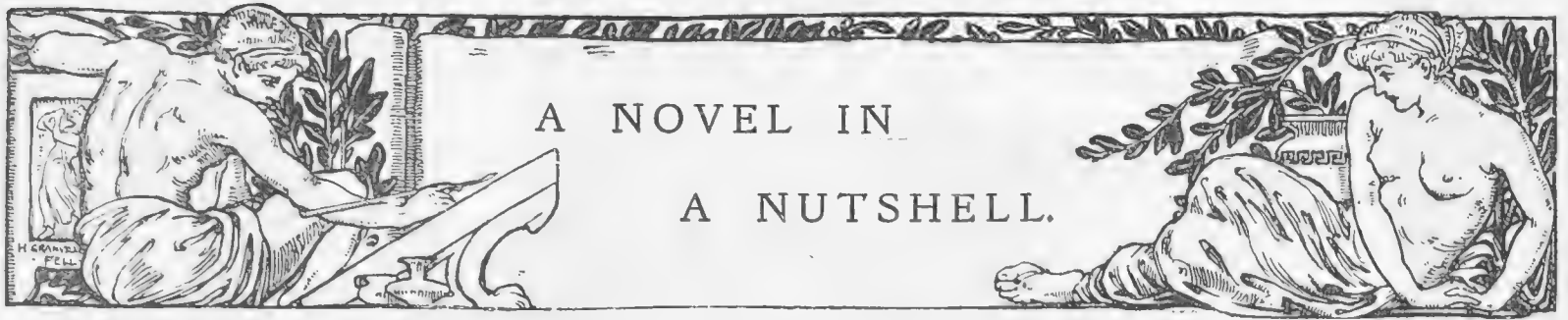
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

Concerning Kisses.



II.—THE EAST-END OR MAULY KISS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

INCOMPATIBILITY.

By WALTER E. GROGAN,

Author of "The Dregs of Wrath," "The King's Sceptre," "The Curse of the Fullons," Etc.

— ❧ —

"IF," said my cousin Daphne, "we were to make the plunge, it would have many drawbacks."

"On both sides," I assented.

"Yes, I suppose, on both sides," she conceded, dubiously. "But, of course, it is the woman who pays most."

"Perhaps so—eventually. I don't know," I said. I felt that I was being generous. After all, the married woman pays very little—sometimes not even her bridge debts.

"Of course!" she replied, sharply. "There are the lost illusions. A man has no illusions."

"Oh, come," I replied; "education is not carried to that extent."

"A woman always has aspirations, hopes; she sub-consciously believes in the possibility of the exception."

"I am not as other men, Daphne," I said. I think I said it rather well. The worst of a cousin is the familiarity of the position. She hears one discussed by relatives, and that is fatal. She laughed.

"My dear Bob, you are an open book to me."

"That is a disagreeable way of putting what should be a really delightful fact. It argues an ingenuous—"

"Skittles!" she replied. "No man likes to be thought ingenuous. It is as bad as being well-meaning."

"We appear to be drifting from the subject." I generously abstained from rejoinder. After all, what could I say? "As I take it, the proposition is this: If I proposed to you and you accepted—"

"And if I accepted," she amended.

"I don't see the force of that—it is implied."

"One can't be too sure—or, at least, you can. After all, it is only an excursion in the realms of conjecture."

"Pouf!" said I. "That smacks of ready-made—there are slop sentences as well as slop clothing."

"I don't know what you mean, but you are unnecessarily vulgar."

"If I proposed to you, and if you accepted me, and if we were married, should we be reasonably happy?" So I persevered. A woman always will wander from the point.

"I wonder," she mused. She stared at the fire. There was a seductive mistiness in her eyes—the fire was really hot.

"Do you know, when the firelight catches your hair I can understand the charm of molten gold?"

"Is it like that?" she asked, eagerly. "How glad I am it isn't black!"

"Black hair," I replied, impartially, "is not without charm."

"It always seems to me as though Nature commenced a nigger and finished otherwise."

"There is nothing of the negro about Gladys," I said, stiffly.

"Oh, were you thinking of Gladys? Yes, you're right. Niggers' hair is never rusty."

"That is iridescence!"

"Really? What a long synonym for rusty!"

The maid came in with tea. She created a comfortable and peace-preserving hiatus. We were drifting—at least, Daphne was drifting—in a very dangerous direction. I am not prepared to say that Gladys is beautiful, but she is full of appeal. Her face attracts, and I am certain that her soul is quite lovely. And her hair is not rusty; it has that coppery glint you see in unburned coal when the light catches it. Women are always unjust to their own sex.

"There would be one inestimable blessing if we carried out the plan," said Daphne, when the maid had closed the door.

"The plan?" I echoed. I was thinking of Gladys. When she said we could all reach up to the mountain-peaks she looked positively inspired. I wonder what she meant by adding "by mutual help"? She looked embarrassed the moment it escaped her.

"Your plan for—well, you know. We were discussing it just now." Daphne was ruffled by my inattention.

"Yes, our marriage!" I cried, eagerly. "To which blessing do you allude?"

"I should have no new relations."

"I should have thought that a drawback. It narrows the circle of mutual interest."

"In each other's failings—that is the blessing. To have two step parents-in-law would be a complication," she added, dreamily.

I sat up stiffly.

"It would be silly!" I have no parents.

"I don't see it," she protested.

"It sounds immoral—like all involved relationship. A man has no right to have people deputising in both instances for his parents."

"It is not his fault—besides, he has every right."

"I really don't see why we should discuss Captain Briggan," I said, definitely.

"You commenced it," she replied, accusingly.

"I did not. He does not interest me. He is the last man of whom I should speak."

"He was the last man of whom you spoke."

"I did not. You introduced him."

"That is untrue, Bob. You did, yourself; you know you did, at the Empress Rooms."

"Oh, that! I meant in this conversation. At the Empress Rooms it was different. I thought you wanted to dance, and he waltzes all right."

"Divinely!"

"Yes. He does shine at that end of him!"

"That is very cheap."

"Well, why do you drag him into our serious discussion, Daphne?"

"He is just as relevant as Gladys."

"I don't know," I said, slowly. The question was, was she so irrelevant? After all, shouldn't a man who has brains and who isn't keen on the squirrel and the revolving-cage business of Society try to reach some higher plane? And if so, isn't the help of a woman, possibly not absolutely beautiful, but—? After all, Gladys has really wonderful eyes.

Daphne looked at me curiously.

"He is," she said, with meaning, "just as relevant as Gladys."

I considered the point.

"I really do not think you ought to introduce another man's name in view of our discussion," I said.

"What discussion?" she asked, blankly. "The exact tint of hair that Gladys wears?"

"The discussion of our marriage," I answered, firmly. I was not to be led from the point at issue, not even by the unnecessary suggestion of the word "wears." Of course, a woman wears her own hair, but it is generally put otherwise.

"And its drawbacks," Daphne added, quickly. "A wedding is so rigorous, it excludes so much. It is like slamming the door in the face of—well, people."

"You should not think of that," I said, gently. "Happiness should blind you to all other considerations."

"I don't know. I really think one ought at least to know the price of things."

"And Captain Briggan?" I asked, sternly.

"Is a big price to pay." She looked mistily into the fire again. I think that is an unfair advantage—she looks quite adorable so.

"Oh, very well," I answered. I stood up.

"Are you going?" she asked, innocently.

"I think we can hardly discuss the point further."

"No, I suppose not. Captain Briggan and Gladys intervene."

"The family would have been pleased," I said, regretfully. Her nose is really piquant.

"Yes. It will be a satisfaction to have disappointed them. Oh, Bob, you look so funny when you try to be stern—or is it sad? When you wrinkle your brows, you know! This is a definite separation?"

"It is your own choice," I replied.

"Separation through incompatibility of interests."

I went to the door. As it closed after me, Daphne spoke—

"I shall be home on Thursday!"

THE END.

SOME BALL-ROOM TYPES: PARTNERS WE HAVE ALL MET.



III.—THE LADY WHO BRINGS A FEW PARTNERS WITH HER.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE MEDICINE-GLASS.

By NELLIE K. BLISSETT,

Author of "The Wisdom of the Simple," "The Concert Director," "Brass," "The Sea hath its Pearls," "The Most Famous Loba,"

THE room was very still, and a leaping flame flickered uncertainly in the grate, now throwing a red fire upon the walls, now plunging everything in gloom. A night-light burned with a mean, sickly flame in a little glass shade which seemed to stifle such light as it had to give. Beside the night-light stood the bottle with its neat label, and the medicine-glass. His eyes fell on it as he stood there, and he shivered slightly, as though with cold.

He had sent the nurse away to rest for an hour, for there was nothing to be done except— He glanced at the medicine-glass again, and then hastily averted his eyes. Yes, of course, there was that. It was to be given her at four o'clock—the doctor had been very emphatic about it. It meant life or death, he said. Life, or—death? Again his eyes fell upon the medicine-glass, and again he turned away.

There was a slight sound from the bed, and he went softly over to it and stood looking down. . . . She had moved a little, so that the flickering flame when it leaped touched her pale face with sudden colour.

He stood looking at her with a strange sort of curiosity. How beautiful she was—and how the boy loved her! Nothing had ever been too good for her—nothing had been good enough. For her sake they had changed all their ways, they had altered the dark old house. . . . She wanted light, and colour, she said. She loved everything like that—and she had had what she wanted. Everything—everything! . . . And now the end was to be—what?

His thin, old face hardened as he gazed. Oh, of course, she would not die. The doctor who spoke of death did not know her, did not know . . . No, she would not die. She would live, and Ken would know—he must tell him—and then . . .

It was warm in the room, but he shivered again. Something rustled in his pocket as he did so. It was Ken's last letter, all filled up with solemn injunctions to "take care of her." The old man smiled bitterly. She was so very precious, this woman who lay there with the firelight on her face.

And yet, until within twenty-four hours, he had loved her too—loved her, trusted her, petted her, planned for her comfort, her amusement, her happiness. She had bewitched him, too, as she had bewitched Ken—poor Ken, who thought his wife perfection. When he found out, when he knew what she was, he would have suffered intensely if he had not been too much absorbed in the thought of what Ken would suffer when he, too, knew. Oh, it was horrible to think that all Ken's love, all his own tenderness, had gone for so little, had met with so traitorous a return! When he had heard of her illness his first thought had been—and that, too, was horrible—one of relief. If she died, Ken need never know . . . But she would not die.

He went back to the fire and sat down noiselessly. What would Ken do? That had been the question he had been asking himself for twenty-four hours. The boy loved her so terribly—what would he do? To see her as she was would shatter his world to pieces, would embitter him for ever. If she, his angel, could lie, deceive, betray, whom could he trust again?

The old man hid his face in his hands, and the question went on ringing in his tired ears like the refrain of a song. What would Ken do—what would Ken do?

. . . A clock somewhere in the silent house struck the third quarter of the hour. . . .

He sat up, and leaned back in his chair, looking at the fire. If she died—and she might die—he felt that he need not betray her treachery. If—he was almost afraid of the thought. The doctor had said life or death, when he gave his instructions. . . . The old man's eyes fell upon the medicine-glass and rested there with a fascinated stare.

If . . . it was only a possibility . . . if she did not have the medicine . . . ?

He shook himself, rose stiffly, and poured the red fluid into the glass. His hand was quite steady, but his eyes were burning with a strange, hot light.

If . . . What did it matter, after all? She deserved to die.

Murderers deserved death, and she was a murderess. She had killed a man's belief in truth, in goodness, in all that made life worth living—when he knew. She had killed, not his body, but his soul—the better part of him—when he knew.

The old man stood motionless, with the glass in his hand, and a great resolution in his heart.

Ken should never know. He should think of her always as the angel he had worshipped. He should remember her always as good, and beautiful, and innocent. He should not be changed into a cynic by one woman's sin.

. . . The clock began to strike with a muffled tone . . .

The old man counted the slow strokes. He was bending down, with the glass in his lean fingers. At the fourth stroke he would pour the dose into the fire.

Suddenly, there was a swift rustle in the stillness. He turned towards the bed.

She had raised herself among the pillows, bolt upright, with her long hair streaming all about her shoulders. Her eyes were open, her beautiful features were white as death. She was looking fixedly at something—what was it?

The old man glanced furtively round the room. There was nothing to be seen—nothing—and yet . . .

At what was she staring so wildly? He felt a strange awe gripping him, and the medicine-glass shook in his hand. Was there someone in the room? Was it—Ken?

She held out her arms suddenly—a beautiful vision with her wide eyes and streaming hair. He heard her speak—the passion in her voice struck him to the heart.

"Ken! . . . Forgive me, Ken!"

Then she fell back.

The last stroke of four quivered in the air and died. Trembling, and deadly pale, as though impelled by a power outside himself, the old man carried the medicine-glass over to the bed.

The next morning she was out of danger. He did not dare go into her room, but, for a moment, he stood at the door and heard her voice, weak and low, speaking to the nurse. Then he went downstairs slowly, with an uncertain step. He seemed suddenly to have grown very old.

The paper was lying on the cheerful breakfast-table. He took it up; opened it. There was a big heading. He read it mechanically, almost without understanding it: "Total Loss of H.M.S. *Swallow*. All hands lost."

The *Swallow* . . . Ken's ship.

Presently he went up to her room. The doctor had been. He had said she must not be told, of course. She must not know. . . . He looked curiously at the old man, and wondered why he smiled.

The old man went quietly into the room. The sun was streaming in, a blaze of light. He stood for an instant looking round, remembering that dreadful moment when he had hung upon the brink of murder, and a hand—Ken's hand—had dragged him back. He knew now why she had sat up, he knew what her delirious eyes had seen and the reason for that wild cry for pardon. He understood how vain would have been the crime he had meditated.

Ken knew—and Ken had forgiven.

. . . The voice was calling him faintly. He moved forward, and his eyes fell on the little medicine-glass which stood on the mantel-piece. A shudder shook him, and he went up and took it in his hand.

There was a sound of shivering glass. A second later, he stood by the bed, smiling down at her with stiff lips. She put out her hand and touched him.

"What was that?" she murmured, softly.

"Nothing, my dear—the medicine-glass."

The fingers tightened on his. Solemnly, with an awe in his heart too great for words, he bent and kissed her with the kiss of peace.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



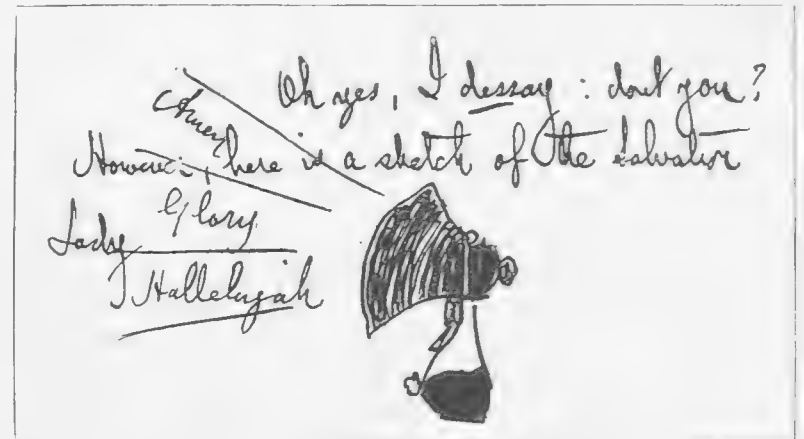
THE announcement that Mr. Bernard Shaw is at present engaged in writing a play which has for its heroine a Major in the Salvation Army has, as might be expected, aroused a good deal of interest, for, it need hardly be said, "G. B. S." is one of the men in whom interest is always rife. Beyond the broad fact of the connection of the leading woman with the Army, there is no inkling of the real plot, though several statements as to its scope, and even its details, have not been lacking. Different as they all have been, they agree in one particular—that they are very wide of the mark.

A humourist once remarked that one of the advantages of being a widely paragraphed dramatist is that you have only to announce a new play and all the theatrical journalists in London will set to work to invent a plot for it. The dramatist then simply selects the best of these plots and writes it up at his ease. It is much cheaper than the ordinary dodge of offering a prize for the best—whatever it may be.

Realising the underlying truth of the statement, *The Sketch* sought to obtain from Mr. Shaw the real outline of his play, but he did not see his way to complying with the request at present, though he did give, in characteristic fashion, his view of the Salvation Army Major. This part, it has been said, is being written for Miss Eleanor Robson. It is quite possible that the brilliant young American actress may appear in it, but any positive statement on that head is premature.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys returned home the other day after a season in America which was so strikingly successful that it had to be prolonged for four weeks, in order that she might visit Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, and Boston, where her vogue was no less marked than it was in New York. Intending to produce only the new version of "The Prince Consort" made for her by Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, Miss Jeffreys' managers, Messrs. Liebler, found that, though she had made a great personal success, the public did not like the play. It was, therefore, withdrawn in favour of a revival of "London Assurance," with an "all star" cast. In this "classic" Miss Jeffreys achieved a triumph and received criticisms which probably exceeded any she has hitherto had. She, naturally, speaks in enthusiastic terms of her visit, which will be repeated next year and again in 1907, for she is at present under a three years' agreement with Messrs. Liebler. It is, indeed, through their kindness in lending her to Mr. Frederick Harrison that Miss Jeffreys will be seen at the

naturally turn to scenes in which the lawns are turfed with soft grass, to trees which are not made of painted canvas, to a sun which is not artificial, and to a moon which is not an electric-light with a "medium" over it. Mr. George Edwardes will, as usual, go to Carlsbad, Mr. Frederick Harrison will be at Haslemere, Mr. Lewis Waller will take a motoring and golfing holiday in Scotland, Mr. and



"G. B. S." SKETCHES THE SALVATION ARMY HEROINE OF HIS NEXT PLAY: AN INTERESTING AUTOGRAPH-DRAWING BY MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

The heroine of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's new play is a Major of the Salvation Army. Mr. Shaw here gives his idea of her.

Mrs. Forbes-Robertson will spend their holidays in Sussex, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks are going to Cornwall. Miss Marion Terry will, after a few weeks at Dieppe, go to the English Lakes and Scotland, Miss Ellis Jeffreys will be at Lingfield, while Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Irving are going through Scotland on a motor-car. Miss Irene Vanbrugh will spend her holiday in the Surrey Hills, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Maurice (Miss Annie Hughes) are, as usual, going salmon-fishing in Norway.

Whenever men who have been associated in business for a long time decide to bring that association to an end, people invariably rush to erroneous conclusions and assume that the parting is an acrimonious one. In the case of Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. Hayden Coffin nothing could be farther from the fact. They are parting on as cordial terms as those which have characterised their association, and that association has always been marked with more cordiality than usually obtains between manager and actor. Indeed, without asking for them, Mr. Hayden Coffin has had courtesies extended to him by Mr. Edwardes which, it is no exaggeration to say, are enjoyed by no other leading actor in any London theatre.

While the present arrangement terminates a practically continuous engagement of twelve years, interrupted only by six months' absence through illness from one or other of Mr. George Edwardes's theatres, Mr. Hayden Coffin and he have been really connected in business for nineteen years, for it was in the September of 1886 that "Dorothy" was produced at the Gaiety Theatre, into which, playgoers will hardly need reminding, the most famous actor-singer on the stage introduced "Queen of My Heart," which, with the possible exception of "Tommy Atkins," has had a greater vogue than any other ballad on the stage.

With the closing of His Majesty's Theatre after Monday evening, the end of the theatrical season may be said to be in sight, though the dates for the final performances at most of the theatres are not yet settled, and, in some cases, it is still undecided whether there will be any vacation at all. Mr. George Alexander rarely keeps the St. James's open after the end of the second or third week in July, so he may be confidently expected to close about then, though nothing is yet settled. Mr. Waller will stop the remarkably successful revival of "Monsieur Beaucaire" during the third week in July, and somewhere about the end of the month the Haymarket will close under its dual management.



Earl of Addisworth (Mr. G. B. Tatham). Lady Hetty Wrey (Mr. M. C. Hawtreys). Hon. Lucius Vandean (Mr. J. J. Quill).

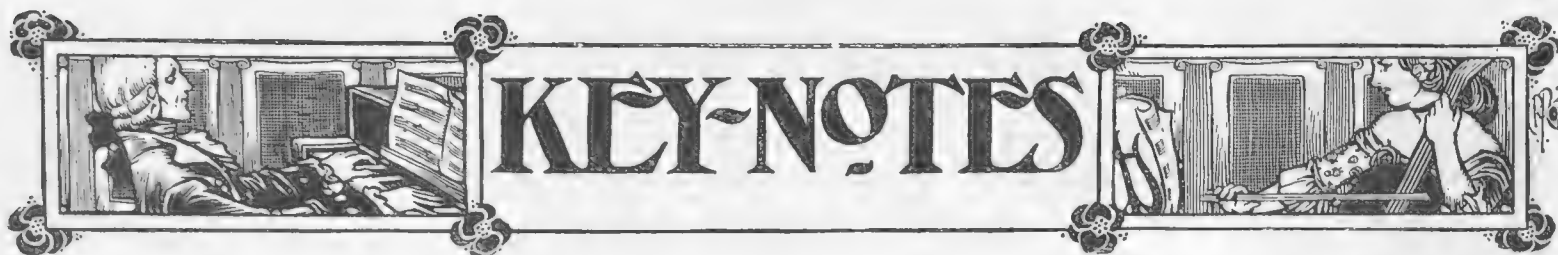
A DRAMATIC CLUB IN WHOSE PERFORMANCES THE LADIES' PARTS ARE TAKEN BY MEN: "PILKERTON'S PEERAGE," AS RECENTLY PRESENTED BY THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY A.D.C.

In accordance with the custom of the Club, the ladies' parts in the recent production of "Pilkerton's Peerage" by the A.D.C. were played by undergraduates. It may be noted that before the time of Charles II all women's parts were enacted by men.

Photograph by Stearn.

Haymarket when that theatre opens under Mr. Harrison's sole management early in September.

With the coming of the vacation, the thoughts of the actors and actresses who have been continuously at work since last autumn



A BRITISH Festival Concert, by its title, does not sound like a very artistic affair; but that peculiar love of large spaces which belongs to Englishmen no less than it belonged to the old Romans of the time when Cæsar made his famous invasion of England makes us rather desire, and even insist, upon concerts given on a very huge scale. Over three thousand singers appear to attract the mind of the present Englishman more than do a few selected vocalists of magnificent attainments. The result was that the Chorus at the Crystal Palace on a recent occasion gave enormous satisfaction and elicited much applause from the huge audience there present. The acoustic property of the Palace is not precisely developed upon any scientific principle; nevertheless, when very many singers appear together in that historic building, they are, at all events, able to assert themselves. The assertiveness of a chorus in this particular place does not go very much towards artistic realisation; but, at the same time, there is an element of massive certainty, and, under the direction of so fine an artist as Dr. Frederic Cowen, of musicianly feeling, that, taking all the circumstances together, the result was from the very broad point of view highly successful.

The "British Festival Concert" naturally included the interpretation of works by British musicians. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Coleridge Taylor, and others, were represented upon this occasion. Two "Sea-Songs" by Sir Edward Elgar were sung by Madame Clara Butt, who first interpreted these charming and delicate little works at a Norwich Musical Festival. She gave as an encore Sullivan's "The Lost Chord," a song in which she particularly excels. Mr. Ben Davies was in his best vein when he sang "Onaway, Beloved," from Mr. Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha." Mr. Andrew Black showed us once more how finely dramatic a singer can be, quite apart from any stage-platform. Miss Ada Crossley also appeared and sang extremely well; while Kennerley Rumford, with his strongly serious outlook on his art, also gave weight and meaning to the concert.

M. André Messager in his capacity as Musical Director and Musical Adviser at Covent Garden is really doing and counselling

extraordinary things this year. The present writer has already spoken of the revival of "Orphée," with which an artist like M. Messager has in the present instance associated himself in the capacity of Conductor, proving thereby his very great sympathy with the great art of a past which can never be eliminated from the chapters of music which make up the book in which is written the tale of art. Gluck, of course, worked according to the Greek ideals, which were more concerned with the statuesque movement and with solemn melody than with



A NEW-COMER AT THE WALDORF:
Mlle. AURÉLIE RÉVY.

Mlle. Révy appeared at the Waldorf the other day as Nedda, and had a considerable success. It will be remembered that she sang Nedda and Santuzza at Covent Garden last year, and since then she has had much success in opera at Milan and Turin.

Photograph by Montabone.

actual and everyday life. He himself, in one of the finest musical essays ever written, expounded his theory to this extent, that he showed that his meaning was really the meaning of our common life, but that art should in its own way remove the plane of common life to somewhat higher purposes. The point is this: art is no longer the mirror of nature, and, therefore, it is to be removed a little from a common ideal. Gluck felt this intensely, and it is for that reason that he wrote music which, appealing to every man, nevertheless appealed to a higher sort of criticism. Nothing finer in the

way of scenic beauty could be imagined or described than the various scenes which make up the music-drama of "Orphée," as it is being produced at the present moment at Covent Garden. The feeling which goes hand-in-hand with Gluck's inspired music has been wonderfully realised by those who have the setting of the work in their own hands; for at Covent Garden we have been invited to witness a performance which has been almost flawless. Of course, and one speaks absolutely without any reference to any subtle point which Gluck himself might have made in his own feeling toward his work, the idea of contrast was predominant in his brain when he realised upon the stage the great, the moving story of "Orphée." It only remains to say that the performance, though not quite ideal, was, nevertheless, very fine, that Mlle. Gerville Reache took the part of Orphée in the right, traditional manner; Madame Raunay, Miss Parkina, and Madame Lejeune sang the other parts with much distinction.

"L'Oracolo," Franco Leoni's new work, was produced at Covent Garden at the end of last week. It is, of course, a musical setting of that extremely gruesome work entitled "The Cat and the Cherub." To begin with, we feel that modern Italy alone is equal to the task of reproducing in music the utterly outside sensations which are meant to be conveyed by the work in question. Therewith we have some words of praise for Signor Leoni. He recognises with that curious modern spirit which has recently pervaded the musical sentiment of Italy how modernity in music may possibly make up for a certain lack of inspiration. Italy, in some respects, always leads the way towards the beginning of a great musical movement—we speak, of course, without any reference to such men as Wagner or Strauss. Nevertheless, we are inclined to think that the violence and the orchestral sensationalism of the work will, in the end, not make for its immortality; at the same time, its popularity is assured for the present moment, and in these days, when the present moment seems to be all in all, that is much the same. The various parts were taken by Mlle. Donald, Madame Paulin, M. Dalmorès, and M. Marcoux with particular and obviously studied design. M. Marcoux's interpretation of the part of Win-Shee was a curious and very effective study in what may be described as artistic cruelty, Signor Scotti at the same time, in the part of Chim-Foo, working up to that cruel ideal with marvellous instinct and with a vocal knowledge that made the tragedy with which the work is concerned inevitable.

Mr. Mark Hambourg's work has been so well known now for many years, even though he is still quite a young man, that the public may well recognise the fact that he as a prodigy fulfilled all expectations, and in the final result of his art has made something more than the Pundits prophesied for him. He is, in truth, an extremely fine pianoforte-player, knowing the technique of his instrument no less than the sentiment of the music which happens to attract his attention. If one had to make any complaint concerning the work of Mr. Hambourg, one would say that he is inclined rather to attach too much of his art to the feeling of emotion and not enough of his art to the sentiment of intellectuality. In any case, he may be said to be one of those few artists who have fulfilled their career from boyhood into manhood.

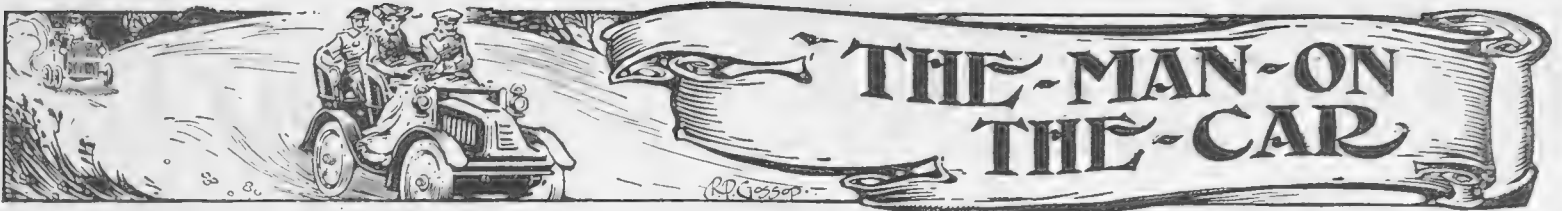
COMMON CHORD.



A PRODIGY WHO HAS FULFILLED ALL EXPECTATIONS: MR. MARK HAMBOURG, THE FAMOUS PIANIST.

Mr. Hambourg is one of the comparatively few prodigies who have outlived the prodigy stage and remained famous. He is now generally regarded as a very fine pianoforte-player.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



THE EXCLUSION OF MOTORS FROM ROADS IN HYDE PARK—MOTOR-DRIVING IN RICHMOND PARK—THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE—
THE MOTORIST AND THE MAN IN THE STREET—COUNTRY ROADS—A TYRE HINT.

I CANNOT say that I am surprised at the exclusion of automobiles propelled by explosion engines from certain of the roads in Hyde Park between the hours of four and seven p.m. in the London Season. As usual, the many suffer for the misdeeds of the few, and those few are chiefly unspeakable, leather-clad chauffeurs whose gross

moment, as, indeed, seems to be something of the idea obtaining not a hundred miles from Piccadilly, yet motorists as a body can do much to lessen whatever serious annoyance motor-traffic may be to the other users of the streets and highways. There is the emission of evil-smelling blue smoke from the silencer outlet due to over-lubrication. That, as I have already said, can and must be avoided. Whenever a driver finds that smoke is emitted, he should stop, and run oil out of his crank-chamber until the level of the lubricant therein is reduced to its proper point; or, if he cannot do that, let him at once drive his car into as secluded a spot as possible, and there run his engine light until the nuisance is abated. Again, if an owner finds his car is fitted with an inefficient silencer, he should not grudge a pound or two to fit one that, while it really silences, will, in all probability, improve the pull of his motor. Again, let him exercise discretion in the purchase of a horn, and see that he uses one of mild but far-carrying and pleading tone. Some there are which sound like nothing so much as the plaintive low of kine at milking-time, and, seeing the picture their sound must conjure up, the public cannot object. There are some horns in use whose peremptory snort would madden an archangel, and it may be that it is to such that Canon Greenwell's "bid to shoot" is ascribable.

It is to sixty years of disuse that we must ascribe the objections put forward by the people of the countryside to the returning employment of the highways of this country. In a most interesting letter to the *Aulocar* of 24th inst., Mr. Leveson Scarth points out the condition of things which obtained upon our main-roads before the railways had withdrawn all but local traffic therefrom. In 1834 no less than one hundred coaches passed along the Bath Road in twenty-four hours, so that a galloping team and its load must have crossed any one point on that road once in every fourteen minutes of the day and night. As the coaches did not, of course, run at such exact intervals, they were often thicker than that. They might even have done a little bit of racing now and then, and one is led to ponder the then safety of the highway as a promenade for local big-wigs and a playground for children. But that is what they are claimed for to-day.

If an automobilist sets out for a drive of any length, and, emulating the foolish virgins, so far as a spare tyre-cover is concerned, finds it unhappily necessary to drive some distance on the rim, he may do so in comparative comfort, and without running the risk of bruising the overturned edges of the rim, if he can obtain a length or two of stout rope, and, winding it round into the bed of the rim, secure it there by making holes through it and inserting the stems of the tyre-security bolts. These should be tightened up hard with a spanner; their plates will flatten at the first revolution or so, and the car can be driven slowly a considerable distance with comfort.

carelessness has permitted them time and again to drive through ranks of fashionable carriages, belching nauseous blue smoke from their silencers without a care for the discomfort they caused around them or the fame of automobilism. This prohibitive regulation will bear hardly indeed upon the Society people who have sold off all their horses and adopted motors in their stead, and more hardly still upon the owners of the now well-known and generally used electric cars and landaulets against which nothing from the point of view of excessive speed or nauseous exhalations could be urged. It is probable that if the matter is properly represented to Lord Windsor, the restriction *re* electrically driven carriages may be reconsidered. There are quite enough influential people owning these cars now to bring considerable influence to bear in the matter.

The restrictive regulations *re* motor-driving in Richmond Park have been further amplified. A speed-limit of ten miles per hour—a rate of progression considerably slower than that of many carriages, wagonettes, and cycles now using the Park roads—is, since the High Court upheld the decision of the Court below, rigidly insisted upon, and, further, any driver entering the Park gates with his car showing steam or smoke is warned by the gate-keeper, who takes his number and reports the fact. Should such driver be found similarly offending a second time, he is to be prosecuted, though under what law or regulation no one seems able to define. So far as petrol-cars are concerned, this is no sort of hardship, for the emission of burnt-oil smoke from the silencer is a preventable thing, and, as the man who persists is a pestilent nuisance to everybody, there can be no sympathy for him.

Before these notes are digested by the majority of their readers, the probable winner of the Gordon-Bennett Cup will be a matter of public knowledge. If, however, there is anything like a close contest, the actual pronouncement as to which was actually the fastest car may be delayed until late in the day, particularly if those pickers-up of unconsidered trifles in the shape of lengths of insulated telephone-wire, the Auvergne peasants, repeat their operations of the Eliminating Trials. In this the Auvergnat has shown himself of a meaner spirit than the countrymen of Kildare or the Taunus. Théry, who drives the leading George-Richard-Brasier, starts first, and a hot favourite; but Fortune will smile upon him indeed if he puts three great races running to his credit.

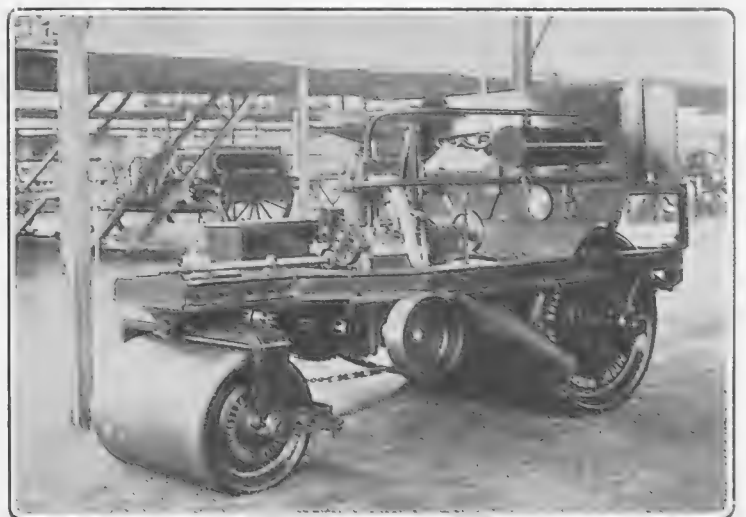
Although, as the pioneers of the road-traffic of the future, it is not meet that we should humble ourselves abjectly to the prejudice of the



THE MOTOR AS AN AID TO AGRICULTURE: A "UNIVERSAL" MOTOR WHICH CAN BE USED AS A LORRY, FOR HAULING, PLOUGHING, MOWING, REAPING, ETC., EXHIBITED AT THE PARK ROYAL SHOW.



THE MOTOR AS AN AID TO AGRICULTURE: AN INGENIOUS WHEEL FOR USE IN SNOWY OR FROSTY WEATHER, EXHIBITED AT THE PARK ROYAL SHOW.



THE MOTOR AS AN AID TO AGRICULTURE: A PETROL ENGINE MOTOR-ROLLER, EXHIBITED AT THE PARK ROYAL SHOW.

Photographs by "Topical Press."

THE WORLD OF SPORT

FUTURES—A SUCCESSFUL TRAINER—"S.-P."—STARTING.

ON paper, Cicero looks to have a rosy chance for the Eclipse Stakes, as Signorino cannot beat him on the book and Llangibby made a big hole in his manners at Ascot. The other ten-thousand-pounder, the Princess of Wales Stakes, ought to provide a good race between St. Denis and Henry the First, and the first-named, who is entitled to all the allowances, should win. Love Charm will go to the post, so will Chatsworth, but I am afraid the King's horse is lacking in class. The race for the St. Leger will this year be worth going a long way to see if Cicero and Cherry Lass both go to the post. I think the colt will win, although the clock showed that the filly won the Oaks in less time than it took Cicero to win the Derby. The opposition to the pair will be moderate. Thrush cannot stay the distance, and the same may be said of Liao. The Kings-clere pair, Polymelus and Plum Centre, are, seemingly, very moderate. Signorino could not hope to beat either of the cracks, and Llangibby is either unreliable or has trained off of late. M. Edmond Blanc is hardly likely to send anything to Doncaster. Indeed, with the French lot fit and well, I should still plump for Lord Rosebery's smart colt, who ought to be followed home by Cherry Lass. The latter will be ridden in the race by H. Jones, while Maher will have the mount on Cicero, and Madden will ride Llangibby. I believe B. Dillon will, if available, ride Signorino.

William Robinson, of Foxhill, who heads the winning trainers' list, is a keen, level-headed man who has graduated in a good school. Robinson was apprenticed at Stockbridge to Tom Cannon, who has turned out such good riders as John Watts, Sam Loates, and M. Cannon. There can be no doubt, however, that Robinson owes his knowledge of training to the late Captain Machell, who acted as

The Turf commission-agents have had a terrible time recently, and they are now determined to stop the big coups that are continually being worked to their discomfiture. Starting-price coups have been very successful of late, but I could never see why the Jockey Club did not put a stop to these jobs, which, I claim, do more harm to the Turf than doping. I firmly believe that many unprincipled owners run selling-platers for the sole purpose of standing in the jobs engineered by some of the 'cute division. Often and often we have seen readied horses win at 100 to 8 against that should have been returned at 5 to 4 on. To a certain extent, the "S.-P." layers have

themselves to blame for this state of affairs for allowing certain owners to bet at starting-price at all. Although I do not wish to create a panic among the layers, I cannot help expressing the opinion that the Pari-Mutuel, if properly established, would get rid of

"S.-P." jobs. Further, it would help to pay some of the expenses of running race-meetings, and the little punters would, at least, be assured equitable prices. The Pari-Mutuel works well in the Colonies, and in Western Australia it is a big source of income to the race-meetings. A bookmaker, after all, is only a mere machine. Then why not adopt the Mutuel and take his profits?

We have seen some very bad starts of late, and I do think it is a pity that a Starting Steward is not appointed to see fair play at the tape. The Starter has all his work cut out to manipulate the apparatus, especially when the electricity fails him, as it often does, and he has to concentrate his energies on the prevention of serious accidents. A Steward standing on the platform with nothing else to do could note the behaviour of the jockeys, and I am sure his presence would have a powerful influence on the surroundings. Further, I



JAPANESE ADOPTION OF BRITAIN'S NATIONAL WINTER SPORT: OFFICERS OF THE JAPANESE ARMY PLAYING FOOTBALL.



THE WAY IN WHICH A SWAN DEFENDS HER NEST.



THE ONLY SAFE WAY OF CARRYING A SWAN.

AT THE ABBOTSBURY SWANNERY.

Photographs by Park.

his mentor for many years. The Foxhill trainer has shown us of late what he can do with good horses. He is, seemingly, able to train these to win at all distances. True, last year he did not do overwell, owing to his gallops being unsound in parts. Now, however, with the ground firm and sound, he is running up a fine sequence, and it is just on the cards that he will head the winning trainers' list at the end of the racing season.

think a screen should be placed at the back of the horses, as is done on the cricket-field. By this means people on the stands could see all that went on at the starting-post, and the screen would greatly assist them in their attempt to discover the colours. At Sandown Park, where the five-furlong races are started close to the boundary-fence, it is quite easy to distinguish the colours of all the starters. Give us screens, by all means.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

TO the worn-out, pavement-tired Londoner, July brings the climax of weariness and the near approach of holidays in the same hot breath. As with most things in life, however, we find the dock-leaf and the thistle—tribulation and consolation—not so very far apart. The dog-days are certainly trying to the Metropolitan money-spinner in stove-pipe and oppressive frock-coat. Hardly less so are they to the money-spender at home pursuing the classic operation of keeping up appearances, making ends meet, and ordering dinner—in itself, perhaps, as tiresome an occupation as either of the former. However, the respite is at hand, and the holidays well on the horizon, so the agreeable business of considering where to go comes up, and we prepare to shake the dust of town from our sandals with uplifted spirits.

Various are the different notions of one's friends of the ideal way to make holiday. Some will vote for Homburg and twelve changes of frocks per diem; others find happiness in gaining the remote and hidden corners of the earth, far away from the semblance of a civilised fellow-creature; but the most original notion is mooted, as usual, by a Transatlantic friend, who has made up his mind to spend the autumn amongst windmills. On the war-path after a house amongst these ancient landmarks we accordingly went, and wherever a "twisting windmill" made its sign of the cross against the clouds we halted and explored. Increasingly rare, alas, grow these picturesque survivals of the past; and where formerly dozens dotted such near heights as Hampstead even, now the only one near London is that left on Wimbledon Common. In the Constable country, as we motored through, one still came on these "stimulating

rejoicing at the change of venue from the New York Cotton Pit. It would seem as if our strenuous cousins from across the "herring-pond" must have noise of some sort, even when seven miles from the nearest station, stillness with them being another spelling of stagnation. Diving into the origin of windmills, it is curious to



[Copyright.]

FOR PARK OR GARDEN-PARTY.

features of the landscape," with jaunty little flier vanes automatically turning the tops of the big brick mills. It is certainly fascinating to watch the rush of those great arms in a steady wind, with the rattle of the louvres, the creaking of the great pin holding on the sails, the roar and vibration of mighty mill-stones within; and our friends, now happily "fixed up" within hearing distance of this sylvan uproar, are



[Copyright.]

THE NEWEST TAILOR-MADE COAT.

find that so little is known as to whence or when they were brought to this island, though that they existed in prehistoric England the stone querns near ancient dwellings go to prove.

Coming to matters of more modern moment, though still concerning the coming efflux from town, it should be remembered by women going on country-house visits or to smart foreign watering-places, where friends and functions abound, that thieves are constantly on the alert for dressing-bags and cases containing jewels. Hardly does one take up a paper without reading of a jewel-robbery. The obvious moral of this oft-told tale is that jewels should be left in the bank when holiday is taken; and if women must bring baubles—and why should they not?—a visit to the Parisian Diamond Company will satisfy the most fastidious taste, without offending the purse, and ensure a substitute for originals, left in the safe or bank, that no expert could detect. The charming little diamond and emerald flexible bangle illustrated on the next page represents fewer sixpences than its original does guineas, and is one of several made for a personage of distinction who is about to travel abroad and, prefers to think of her family jewels safely bestowed at the bank rather than ultimately reposing at a *Mont de Piété* abroad.

The mere mention of travelling means a travelling-bag, and a travelling-bag eau-de-Cologne, and eau-de-Cologne "No. 4711," which, though the familiar dépôt has been removed from Bond Street, is still to be had from every chemist in Christendom, and is now, as it ever was, the highest expression of the indispensable water of Cologne. A flask or bottle of "4711" may be luxury at home, but in travelling it is luxury and necessity in one, and should never be out of the entourage, or ensemble; indeed, it must now be ranked amongst the essentials.

There is an old proverb about knowing a good thing when you see it; but many people always require the good things put into their hands if they would not pass them by on the other side. To such, a word on the virtues of Plasmon as Nature's great nutrient should not come amiss. A great authority, Virchow, lays down that Plasmon is superior even to meat in nourishing value, being the nutritive substance of pure fresh milk. In making whipped cream it will be found invaluable, and the Plasmon Company send a wheel-whisk, together with a packet of Plasmon, post free for fifteenpence, so as to tempt the housewife to its use for her own great benefit. The Plasmon cocoa preparation is strengthening to an unknown degree; one is constantly hearing of invalids who derive incalculable benefit from its use.

Madame Alice Cross, of 184, Regent Street, is rapidly making herself famous. Her "Beauty Box," containing a bottle of the highly esteemed "Beauty Cream," with other desirable specialities, is a wonderful outfit for a mere five-and-sixpence. Madame Cross's "Snow Cream" for whitening the hands deserves its good name. Her method of hygienic facial treatment is one of the most popular and efficacious systems practised.

SYBIL.

SUMMER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE various Railway Companies are, as usual, making the fullest arrangements for the benefit of summer holiday-makers, and there is hardly a place at home or abroad that cannot be reached at the cheapest possible rates and in the most comfortable manner.

For the benefit of those desirous of visiting Stratford-on-Avon, the London and North-Western Railway Company will run special day-excursions from Euston every Wednesday and Saturday until

issued from Waterloo on week-days, embracing the principal health-resorts of North Devon and North Cornwall. Particulars of the arrangements are contained in an illustrated guide and official list of hotels, &c., obtainable free at any of the Company's London offices, or from the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

The Invergarry and Fort Augustus Railway, which runs from Spean Bridge through a part of the Highlands rich in beautiful scenery, announces tourist-fares from the principal stations in England and Scotland. The official programme and time-table can be obtained from the Highland Railway, Inverness.

The London and North-Western and Caledonian Railway Companies will run additional express-trains for tourists and sportsmen from London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other provincial towns, to North Wales, Blackpool, Morecambe, the English Lakes, and Scotland. Special facilities are also offered to travellers to the North of England and the South Coast, Belfast, the towns of East Lancashire, &c. A special train for horses, carriages, and dogs will leave Euston at 6.20 p.m. from Monday, July 10, to Monday, Aug. 14 (Saturdays and Sundays excepted). A new sleeping-saloon express will leave London (Euston) at 7.45 p.m. (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted) for Perth and the Highland Line, and will be due to arrive Perth at 4.40 a.m. and Inverness at 9.8 a.m. From July 18 to Aug. 12, inclusive, the arrival at Inverness will be 8.35 a.m.

The Highland Railway, Inverness, issues an illustrated tourist guide to its service to the Scottish Highlands, including Dunkeld, Aberfeldy, Pitlochry, Aviemore, Kingussie, Boat of Garten, Grantown, Nairn, Forres, Strathpeffer Spa, Dornoch, and Fort Augustus.

The *Columbia, Iona, &c.*, sail daily for summer tours in Scotland. A programme may be had, post free, from David Macbrayne, 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

Those who propose to visit the Universal Exhibition at Liège are advised to consult the Great Eastern Railway Company's time-tables and "Tourist Guide to the Continent." The Company is issuing a



A DIAMOND AND EMERALD FLEXIBLE BANGLE AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

further notice. Tickets will also be issued enabling passengers to travel by rail to Kenilworth Station, and then by motor-car to Kenilworth Castle, Guy's Cliffe, Stratford-on-Avon, Shottery (for Ann Hathaway's Cottage), and back to Warwick, and then return from Warwick Station to London by train.

The Great Central Railway Company is issuing a time-table for July, August, and September which proves that it intends to demonstrate the truth of the inscription upon its cover, "Rapid Travel in Luxury." Express corridor, restaurant, and dining-car trains now run between London and Sheffield in 2 hours 50 minutes without a stop, leaving Marylebone at 3.25 and 6.20 p.m.; the journey between London and Leicester is made in 1 hour 24 minutes; that between London and Nottingham in 2 hours 14 minutes; that between London and Manchester in 3 hours 50 minutes; and that between London and Harrogate in 4 hours and 35 minutes. Various facilities are also announced for passengers to Leeds, Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, and other manufacturing towns in the North, York, Bridlington, Scarborough, the Isle of Man, and the North-East and North-West coasts.

The Great Northern Railway Company is arranging special express excursions from King's Cross and other London stations to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, Mablethorpe, Gorleston, Lowestoft, Sheringham, Cromer, Mundesley, Yarmouth, the seaside and pleasure resorts of Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, the principal stations in the Norfolk district, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North-Eastern district, and the principal stations in Scotland.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company makes a speciality of arrangements for those who desire week-ends out of town, and is issuing Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday or Tuesday tickets at special rates to many of the seaside resorts reached by this line, including Bexhill, Broadstairs, Hastings, Herne Bay, Margate, Ramsgate, Folkestone, Shorncliffe, and Tunbridge Wells; also to Boulogne, Le Touquet, and Paris Plage.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway Company is running frequent fast trains to Brighton, Worthing, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards and Hastings, Littlehampton, Bognor, Hayling Island, Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight, and is issuing special cheap week-end tickets.

The London and South-Western Railway Company has a new and accelerated express-service between London and the West of England, the stations affected including Exeter, Sidmouth, Ilfracombe, Bodmin, Devonport, and Plymouth. Connections are formed at Exeter for Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, &c.; and at Plymouth for Truro, Falmouth, Penzance, &c. Circular rail and coach tickets are

number of cheap tickets in connection with the Exhibition. The first-class return fare is 41s.; the second-class, 27s. 6d.; third-class, 22s. 9d.

LIFE FROM DEATH?

Cambridge, or that part of it that is not concerned with physical science, is less surprised than the rest of the world at the result of Mr. J. Butler Burke's experiments; because, they declare, he got his beef-extract from the Trinity kitchens, and the dons of Trinity shake their heads and say, "We know that mixture too well." It appears in hall under various disguises and containing bodies about which there arises no controversy. But the scepticism of familiarity apart, Mr. Burke has managed to astonish the world, and those who wish to know more about the exceeding simplicity of the process by which he has done so will find it described, with diagrams, in the *Illustrated London News* of last week. The experimenter has used no elaborate apparatus. The whole process has gone on in the bottom of a test-tube, where about three thimbles-full of bouillon has been exposed to the action of radium. The beef-gelatine and the radium were both heated to a temperature of 130 degrees Centigrade, a temperature that destroys all known forms of bacteriological life. In spite of this, bodies suspiciously like living organisms have appeared in the bouillon, and it will be the task of further research to discover whether these are really alive or not. It has been suggested that they may be crystals, but the experimenter has put forward very cogent reasons against this theory. His principal tests are also described in the sketches and article already referred to.

The concert organised by Miss Rowe, Lady Sandhurst, and the Hon. Hilda Chichester, and given at Spencer House, which was lent for the occasion by Lord Spencer, was arranged for the purpose of enabling Miss Edith Bingham-Hall to continue her vocal training with a view to her appearance before the public in two years' time, and was as excellent as it was well attended. Miss Elizabeth Parkina sang four songs, an Irish love-song, "Villanelle," "Charmant Papillon," and "Ouvre tes yeux bleus," while M. Gilbert also sang four times. Miss Bingham-Hall herself, accompanied by Madame Melba, sang "Abide with Me" in manner which may be said to justify the interest that has been taken in her voice by many leading artists. Others who contributed to the programme were Mr. Oscar Seagh, a pupil of Jean de Reszke, and Mr. Gervase Elwes. Miss Rowe, by the way, will receive none of the proceeds of this concert as fees for the training of Miss Bingham-Hall's voice, as she intends to give her services free.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 11.

THE SETTLEMENT AND AFTER.

THE Settlement passed off with a couple of small House failures and the inability of a large outside operator to meet his differences. As he had accounts with nearly twenty brokers the amount of loss in each case was not excessive.

Markets have been languid and depressed ever since we last wrote, and the worse things get in Russia the more upset the French Bourse becomes, which naturally reflects on our market, especially in Kaffirs.

The talk of a new Japanese Loan has been pretty circumstantial. It is said that the amount will be £30,000,000, of which one-third will be reserved for this country, and that the issue will either be a 4 per cent. one at 85 or a 4½ per cent. at 90. In either case it will, no doubt, go well. That negotiations are in an advanced stage is pretty certain, but the actual details are probably not settled. The new issues which have been advertised lately have failed to secure any considerable support, and underwriters have in all cases been heavily landed.

The amalgamation of the two Barnato Companies has afforded food for a good deal of talk, if not much speculation. It seems to be a case of issuing as many concerns as you can when times are good, and amalgamating them when times are dull, taking the opportunity of raising a bit more capital in either case, and getting pickings in the shape of underwriting commissions on all occasions. Even Kaffir magnates must live, and houses in Park Lane require considerable wherewithal to keep them up!

The Argentine Conversion of both the internal and external debt is making some progress and will effect a reduction of over eight million dollars paper and six million dollars gold in the annual service. It seems clear that, so far as the funding loan is concerned, no redemption can take place till the 1st of January next at the earliest.

In view of the splendid coffee-crop which seems assured, and the encouraging traffics already recorded, Leopoldina stock at 65 appears a promising purchase, especially as the next dividend is expected to be 4 per cent. Those of our readers who can afford to put the stock away and take a fair return while the capital value is improving, might do worse than purchase a reasonable amount, not as a gamble, but as a promising investment.

HOME RAILWAY HEAVINESS.

Full of dividend, as the Stock Exchange phrases it, the Home Railway Market should be amongst the firmest in the House. That it is not, must be charged to the general anticipation of reduced distributions in several important cases. The Lancashire and Yorkshire probable increase does not influence the public so much as the equally probable decrease on the London and North-Western. The Great Western and North-Eastern may possibly be able to maintain their previous rate; the Great Eastern, Midland, and Metropolitan will most likely have to reduce theirs, and a smaller dividend seems possible on Brightons. The Central London ought to be able to keep up its 4 per cent. on the Ordinary stock; it will be in the current half-year that the traffics feel the result of the new competition engendered by the electrification of the two older Undergrounds. We are afraid that City and South London stockholders will fare badly this time, but the Hull and Barnsley should furnish the surprise-packet of the half-year. So far as can be judged in advance of the announcements, the dividends are not likely to exercise much influence over prices, unless the Companies have been economising so rigorously as to permit of unexpectedly good distributions. Cheap money would, perhaps, do more for the Home Railway Market than any other consideration, assuming the dividends to fulfil general anticipations.

AMERICAN PROSPECTS.

Curious how everyone appears to know all about the business transactions of Mr. Harriman! At least once a week, and sometimes oftener, the report goes round Shorter's Court to the effect that this well-known financier has closed all his Unions, or sold his Southern Pacifics, or done something equally definite. Why the rumours should confine themselves to Mr. Harriman's operations, we do not know; it would be quite as easy, surely, for the report-circulators to tell us what Mr. Morgan, Mr. J. J. Hill, and various other magnates are about in the Stock Markets.

Americans continue to pursue an orbit of their own, little disturbed by the various political comets that strike dread into the hearts of European nations. The remarkable recuperation of the market after the recent disclosure of the life-insurance scandals bore telling testimony to the determination of some people to keep prices up, though, for a time, the biggest customers of the Stock Markets—the Insurance Companies—might withdraw their support. As we were insisting last week, the Yankee Market looks good. Its strength in the midst of general depression is likely to be increased when the world settles down again to a more normal state, and even the rubbish shares of American Railroads, such as Missouri and Little Eries, have every appearance of being put higher—the phrase is used with intention—before the autumn.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Cheerfulness cannot by the widest stretch of imagination be called the pervading sentiment in the Stock Exchange. If you come to think of it, perhaps it would be rather hard to select any special reasons why the markets *should* frolic. Possibly by the time these vagrant jottings get as far as the reader, the whole political and financial complexion will be changed; but at the moment it doesn't look as though it will. There are always plenty of advisers going about who say, whenever prices are flat in a particular market, "Ah, here's your chance! Now's the time to get in!" They don't always put their money at the back of their opinion, luckily for themselves, because this sort of vague optimism only pays every now and again. There is, of course, a tide in the affairs of stocks which, taken as a bull, leads on to fortune. The difficulty lies, however, in discovering when things are really flat. Take the case of Gold Fields, for example. They opened this year at about 8½, and when the price subsequently emerged from a bear-raid, fractionless, everyone gave a sort of gasp, and exclaimed, "Let's go for Gold Fields." When the shares fell to 7½, people became a little less eager to buy (in theory) upon a falling market,

and the words of certain critics may have helped to keep a few people out of the shares. But upon the quotation tumbling to 7 there was a recrudescence of bullishness, and smarting disappointment ensued when the price fell another ten shillings. The moral of this long-drawn argument is that to call anything cheap simply because it has dropped heavily is a great mistake. Merits tell, after all, and at about £5 a share Gold Fields may be worth buying for speculative investment purposes. That there will be occasional market twists upwards is fairly certain, and the gambler for differences may be best served by keeping cautiously on the long side for a bit. Eventually, unless some of us are grievously mistaken, Gold Fields will get somewhere near 5.

I don't know whether you care about figures and statistics. Personally, I do not, but tastes differ, and even to the most mercurial mind there is an element, say, of interest about some tables of values. A statistical spirit moved me the other day to look up a few representative Kaffir prices as they stood at the end of the last three quarters. No extra charge will be made if you

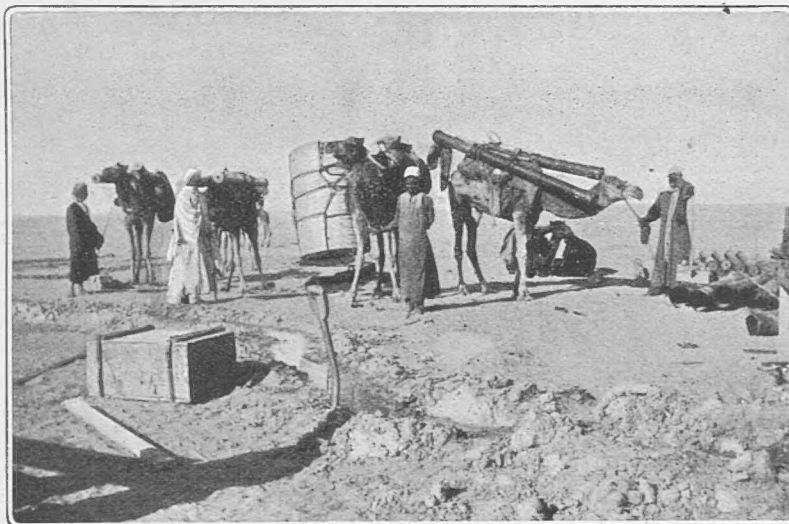
skip this part, nor shall I feel in the least hurt by your lack of appreciation of industry in this particular instance. Shall I let myself go?

Share.	Dec. 31, 1904.	Mar. 31, 1905.	June 30, 1905.	Fall in Six Months.
Anglo-French..	4½	4	3	1½
City and Sub.	6½	5½	5½	1
Con. Goldfields	8½	8½	6½	2
Chartered ..	2½	2	1½	1
De Beers Def.	18½	17½	16½	1½
E. Rand ..	9½	8½	7½	1½
Knights ..	6½	6½	4½	2
Modder ..	11½	10½	9½	2
Randfontein ..	3½	3	2½	1
Rand Mines ..	11½	11½	9	2½

These figures have a rude eloquence of their own, with which it becomes me not to interfere. The fall has taken place, be it remembered, in a period during which the gold industry made substantial strides in the directions of sufficient labour, economical working, and increase of output. Nevertheless, he would be a bold man who prophesied that the bottom has yet been reached. With every possible wish to pose not as a pessimist but as an optimist, I am bound to confess that this steady refusal of the public to buy Kaffirs does seem to me to presage lower prices still. In the eventual future of the market I am a firm believer; but there may be more troubled waters yet to pass through before Kaffirs glide out upon the broad expanse of calm prosperity. And the root reason for all this delay, disappointment, spoiling of the market, and so forth—what is it? Rapacity, greed, and extortion—upon whose part anybody will find it easy to guess. After all, though, it is of little use puzzling one's head over a rise or fall in the stocks and shares, because the House goes "by contraries." If it didn't, clients would have no need of their hard-working (well, anyway, they want to be hard-working) brokers.

"I think that some have died of drought,
And some have died of drinking;
I think that nought is worth a thought,
And I'm a fool for thinking!"

Those British Westinghouse Preference shares ought to be worth putting away. They are £5 shares, fully paid, and stand about half their nominal value, thanks to sundry dividends having been passed in recent half-years. But the concern goes on working away at large orders, and it's a long lane that has no turning. Overtrading, in the way of taking immense contracts, and payments, therefore, largely in scrip, may have something to do with the ill-luck experienced by the Company, whose up-to-date plant and equipment assure it a steady flow of orders. At 50s., the risk in buying these 6 per cent. non-cumulative Preference shares does not look very great, and a year or so might see the price standing nearer par. It means waiting for one's money, naturally, but there will be surprise in well-informed quarters if the Company fails to make a much better showing in July 1906 than it does now. Of



THE CORPORATION OF WESTERN EGYPT: A TRICKY LOAD
IN A GALE OF WIND.

course, we live in a world of surprises, as I remarked rather less poetically in the preceding paragraph. Probably, some of my kindly readers have heard the story of the man who, at the last moment before a concert, was engaged to take the place of a professional piccolo-player, unable through sudden illness to fulfil his engagement to play in a local orchestra at a small provincial town. The substitute was welcomed with open arms when he declared that he could play the piccolo, follow any score, and read at sight. There was no time to rehearse with the band, and all the evening the daring musician did his successful utmost to put that orchestra out. He came in at the wrong moment, was mute when wanted, played in any other key but the right one, and generally enjoyed himself. The conductor only waited for a quiet corner, and then delivered himself of part of the burden pressing upon his soul. The peroration, thundered in a voice vibrant with withering sarcasm, wound up with, "And you are the man we all thought could play the piccolo!" The performer had listened very calmly to the outburst, but now he spoke. "And tho did I," he lisped. "I thought tho, too. Rather a thell for both of ush, eh? Night-night."

Possibly you may not have forgotten the little *Sketch* tip about Cuban Central Railway shares. I should take the profit.

South American Rails will not go ahead much for some few months. The market has settled down into a quiet jog-trot investment business that is galling to speculators who want to see movement, and rapid movement, too. To put away, Buenos Ayres Western and B. A. Pacific Ordinary will probably pay best in the long run. After the war, there are likely to be a whole lot of Japanese enterprises, of one sort and another, brought to the notice of the investor. So far, Japan is represented in the Stock Exchange almost entirely, if not exclusively, by her Government bonds; but already there are several Japanese propositions assuming joint-stock shape that will be placed before the public when peace is declared. How long will the promoters have to wait? For the answer you must apply to someone less ignorant than

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE WARING AND GILLOW REPORT.

This large Furnishing and Building Company has made satisfactory progress. The net profits, after providing for the Preference dividend, amount to £91,500, or an increase of £3,200 over the figures of the previous twelve months. The reserve fund is brought up to £115,000, and 7 per cent. is paid on the Cumulative Ordinary shares. It is hoped that the new premises in Oxford Street, which have been some time building, will be ready and open this year. They should add considerably to the earning capacity of the business, but further capital will then be required. It is satisfactory to find that the "A" debentures have been practically cleared off, and that the Irredeemable First Mortgage debentures of £1,000,000 alone remain.

The strength of Waring and Gillows lies in the magnificent list of its customers, and the report calls attention to the work in hand for the Prince of Wales, the Khedive of Egypt, the Sultan of Johore, and various others.

THE MESQUITAL GOLD-MINES.

Several correspondents who hold shares in this Company have asked us the reason of the fall in price, and we have made inquiries which enable us to give the position of the Company with some confidence, and to explain the fall. When we referred to the Company some few months ago, it was anticipated that fifty stamps would be at work almost immediately, and there was some animation in the shares, which stood at about 2s. 6d. The fifty stamps have been erected, and forty of them have been at work, but, for want of water and of sufficiently commodious hauling-apparatus, it was found impossible to keep the full battery going; and only twenty stamps are now

crushing. As soon as the necessary improvements to the water storage can be completed, and the new hauling-gear is ready for work, the whole battery of fifty stamps will start, and continue crushing. The ore now being milled yields about 4 dwt. of fine gold to the ton, and the working-costs (other than for development), with only twenty head at work, are about twelve shillings a ton. As to the drop in the price of the shares, we understand that, owing to the death of a large holder, there has been pressure to sell, and in these dull markets, with the added disappointment in connection with the stamps, it is not astonishing that the price has dwindled to 1s. 6d.-2s.

Saturday, July 1, 1905.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GLESCA AND ANXIOUS.—See this week's "Notes," where the result of our inquiries is given at length. Looked upon as a speculation, a further purchase would not be unreasonable, provided you take the first chance of a reasonable profit.

J. A. E.—The Company is very much in the same fix as many of the breweries. It has bought hotels at too high prices, and a large part of its capital is not represented by assets. Even at present prices, we do not think the shares are more than a speculation, perhaps not an unreasonable one.

AGNES.—The Bank shares you name are all good, sound investments; but there is the uncalled capital, which, although probably nominal, must be considered.

SALOP.—We are not able to advise on local Waterworks stock. From the dividends, it seems a sound concern, and some day the local authorities will probably purchase, much to the stockholders' advantage.

JACK TAR.—The drawings are quite fair. If you want to buy the Bonds, apply to Nathan Keizer and Co., of Threadneedle Street. They will quote a close price.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LIMITED.—Debenture-interest warrants for the half-year ending June 1905 have been posted to the Debenture-holders of the Company.

BABY'S AWFUL MISERY.

EYES SORE AND INFLAMED AND EYELASHES FELL OUT.
SPEEDILY CURED BY CUTICURA.

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KING'S CROSS dep.	7 15	10 10	11 25	1 40	2 20	3 45	5 30
HARROGATE arr.	*	*	†	†	*	†	*
	1 0	2 37	3 26	5 42	6 58	8 01	9 03
HARROGATE dep.	9 5	10 10	10 57	12 50	2 30	4 59	6 0
KING'S CROSS arr.	1 55	2 20	4 5	6 15	7 0	9 01	10 45

For Full Particulars of Train Service between London and Harrogate, see Great Northern Railway Bills.

* DINING CAR TRAINS.

† THROUGH CARRIAGES.

London (King's Cross),
July 1905.

OLIVER BURY, General Manager.